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THE SUBTLETIES OF SCOTT'S NAMES.

BY LLWYVEIN.

THERE are certain curious instances of resemblance between the proper names in Sir Walter Scott's writings and the individuals they represent, which may possibly have escaped the attention of some readers. An essay upon the merits of his works, which have been pronounced peerless by the judgment of his age, would fairly be deemed superfluous, and consequently we merely wish to point out certain subtleties of wit, and certain beauties of melody, with which his proper names abound, together with a few striking instances of similarity between names and characters. From Waverly to Castle Dangerous, from Marmion to Sir John De Walton, we have a strain of names, musical as the warbling of an Æolian harp, and whether the subject be lord or peasant, dowager or milk-maid, Cavalier or Puritan, harvest-field or haunted glen, to each is given a designation that impresses it indelibly on the mind of the reader, while fancy suggests the character to be developed. It is true that the tenaciousness with which the mind clings to the beautiful stories, often leads us to connect the character with the name ; but, nevertheless, the association is much aided by the designation selected. Wit, euphony, and fitness, are rivals from beginning to end of these names, each claiming the highest honors. Let the name be harsh at first sight, the apparent roughness disappears, and dissolves into euphony the instant that it is pronounced, and we often find wit lurking among formidable consonants, like a bud among briars.

The field of Bannockburn was not more full of pit-falls than Scott's names are full of puns, direct or indirect ; sometimes plainly expressed, at others only indicated by a resemblance in sound or spelling. If the word he selects be long, some prosy Gabriel Kettledrumle, who reminds us of 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,' and who was in the habit of 'preaching two mortal hours at a breathing,' is made re-

sponsible for it ; if short, some Callum Beg, more ready with his dagger than his tongue, is found to represent it.

The old tower relinquished to the rook, the cave inhabited by the gloomy bat, the glen

‘Where bogles dance o’er dead men’s graves,’

the dungeon of the captive, the cottage of the free, the palace of the rich, the hovel of the poor, all seem to have received from this gifted Caledonian pen their appropriate signification.

But let us stroll through the library at Abbotsford, and while we

DREAM of ‘the grand old masters,’
Dream of ‘the bards sublime ;’
Whose distant foot-steps echo
Through the corridors of time,’

let us cull a few buds from this flower-garden of English literature, in support of our proposition.

Can any one imagine that Fitz-James was not a gallant ‘carpet knight,’ bred in the luxury of the lowlands ; or that the wild, free step of Roderick Dhu ever fell on other carpet than the heath of Clan Alpine ?

What visions of loveliness float around us at the mention of the Lady of the Lake : could she be other than

‘The bold and beautiful ?’

And does not fancy lend a thousand charms to the little sheet of water, over which the fair Ellen Douglass once guided her skiff ?

Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine is standing at the door of his baronial mansion, quaffing a stirrup cup with some neighboring laird. What a braw name for the brave old baron, descended from a race who had claimed fealty of the yeomen of Bradwardine from the time of the Norman to the Stuart.

Who is that callous, hardy, active, devoted little Highlander, but ‘Callum Beg,’ who wanted to ‘kittle the quarters of ta auld deevil whig carle, wi’ her skene occle’—in other words, to perform a summary surgical operation with his dagger on some unfortunate individual who happened to differ from him in opinion ?

How different from Jacob Jobson, the honest lowland peasant, who would ‘betray no mon’s bluid,’ whose knife was the sickle, whose sword was the plough. The bare knee, the gaudy hose, the gay tartan plaid, start up, as we pronounce the euphonious name, ‘Vich Jan Vohr,’ and well the Highland euphony hangs about the memory of this high-souled and determined chieftain.

The brightest flower that ever bloomed in Tully Veolan, budded into existence the day Rose Bradwardine first saw the light, and the Craigs of Glennaquoich are still ringing with the wild Celtic strain in which the daughter of Mac Ivor bade

‘THE race of Clan GILLIAN, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Hariaw, and Dundee.’

Woodburne sounds like the name of some secluded manor of which a Guy Mannering was lord, and a Julia the mistress, while Ellan-

gowan could never have belonged to a sneaking, glossy, pettifogging fellow like Glossin, when it was claimed by a Henry Bertram.

The traveller who finds himself near the kaim of Derneleugh at mid-night, begins to think of beings that have gone, and if he does not meet a troop of warlochs from the other world, or a troop of smugglers from this, in the wood of Warroch, it will be because he has got the herculean arm and pepper-and-mustard terriers of a Dandie Dinmont to defend him. We involuntarily utter pro-di-gi-ous as we think of the long, lank, absent-minded Dominie who,

‘Marvelling at his sable suit, stalked past;’

and the knife of the smuggler is fairly sticking in our ribs, as the desperate Dirk Hatteraick favors our imagination with a visit.

That old red cloak keeps the winds of Derneleugh from the form of a crazed but commanding woman, who, standing upon yon hill, asserts, with the prophetic force of madness, that

‘DARK shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When BERTRAM’S right and BERTRAM’S might,
Shall meet on Ellangowan’s height,’

and something whispers it can only be Meg Merrilies. Pertinacious Mr. Oldbuck :

‘T is said he was a soldier bred,
And one wad rather fa’en than fled.
But now he has quit the spurtle blade
And dog-skin wallet
And fa’en the antiquarian trade,
I think they call it :’

and certainly he was an antiquary, and, like many others of that class, often gave to remnants of antiquity an interest which must have astonished and mortified the musty relics considerably ; for no one could suppose that a buckle or button, fashioned by some honest Glasgow artisan in the eighteenth century could hear itself charged with having invaded Britain with the Cæsar, without a blush of indignation. It really is very hard upon such items, that they never can be accidentally buried, but some confounded ‘Dryasdust’ digs them up and charges them with being invaders of their country, or fossil remains of some antediluvian people, who probably never existed.

But the defence of these relics must be left to the thickness of the dust that hides them, and the brain that seeks them, while we return to our antiquary, of whom history asserts, that he was a fine old buck, and always ready to crack a bottle with the young fellows who sought his society, and that if he did violently remonstrate with Jenny Rintherout for running in and out his study, and for having the temerity to put it to rights, it was under his other appellation of Monkbarns. This latter cognomen, however, is as grateful to the ear as the former, if we consider him merely as the child of the cloister, and consider the cloister to mean his study, but otherwise it is a reflection upon the character of some one of his forefathers, for we believe the Church does not allow to monks the privilege of being ancestors.

Could Lovell have selected a better name for the home to which he was to convey his bride than Glenallan, or could the happy couple have wished for a more pleasant neighbor than the resuscitated Captain McIntire, who was fortunately made entire after a hole had been made through him in a duel ?

Herman Dousterswivel sounds very much like deuced swindler, and if he was not a cheating scoundrel, who emanated from some dike, we hope that he sued the author of his name for libel ; for if an intelligent jury of his countrymen could have been found willing to sit upon the case, they would probably have awarded damages without leaving the box. An old blue coat, and the wooden bench at the inn, remind us of the minstrel of Fairport, and we can almost see the staff bending as ' Ochiltree leans o'er it,'

' And mourns for auld Lang Syne.'

What a yelping of curs proceedeth from Osbaldistone Hall, and how unconcerned Sir Hildebrand sits among the litter of pups in the library, poring over 'Guillim,' and between occasional snores, reading for the hundredth time, the deeds of his ancestors of 'Cub Castle.'

How the old hall rings with the shouts of the revellers, and what a contemptuous smile crosses the face of the Jesuit Vaughan as he listens to the nightly orgies of these 'disciples of Nimrod and Bacchus.' Who can be the beautiful girl that has just dashed over yon five-barred gate on that high-bred steed, and with a tear in her eye, is now telling her lover, 'that her poor falcon Cheviot has spitted himself on a heron's bill at Horsely Moss,' but 'Die Vernon ?' That wily old Scotchman, Andrew Fairservice, need not have troubled himself to tell us 'there were many things ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning, like Rob Roy : ' we suspected it the instant we heard the name. What could be fitter for the prompt, bold, reckless, hardy chieftain of the Mac Gregors than this curt *soubriquet* of Rob Roy ? We imagine a broad, frank face, a strong arm, a bold step, a saucy and undaunted visage, must belong to that name, and that woe betides the man, who feels the weight of his basket-hilted broad-sword. In spite of his faults, true as his steel, and generous as a prince,

' Among the rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow :
The eagle, he was lord above
And Ron was lord below.'

What a bonnie bride for honest Hobbie Elliott was Grace Armstrong, and how his fist bangs down upon the tea-table as he hears the name of Westburnflat, the incendiary and robber.

Elshe, the recluse, may well have been the mis-shapen being who fled from a hated world to bury his sorrow in a hermit's hut ; but the little, old man, who once glided about among the gray stones of Muckle-stane Moor, threw off his elfish name with his disguise, and now stands before us, the gentleman both in heart and name,

' SIR EDWARD LAIRD of Ellieslaw,
The far-renowned Black Dwarf.'

A dream, fearful as Byron's, haunts us as we think of the poultry-boy, Guse Gibbie, and the headless chickens, jumping about him at Tillietudlem, which is only dissipated by the thought of the good ale which the name of the old butler, John Gudyill, suggests.

Drive the ale from our heads and the air smells of damp grass and mouldy tombstones at the mention of Old Mortality.

We remember that

'BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

and we listen for the click of a chisel, or the neigh of a pony, as the name of the white-haired sculptor falls upon the ear.

What a cutting appellation is Claverhouse for the merciless commander, whose sword was always reeking with the blood of the Puritans; for him who would have dared

'To wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

How like in character to his name was the stout, unbending, burly Puritan, Balfour of Burley.

Could the fair Edith Bellenden, of Tillietudlem's tower, ever have been much affected by the discourses which that worthy man, Peter Poundtext, hammered into the brains of his hearers? We opine not, unless to sleep. What a stiff stomacher must have been worn by the Dowager Lady Margaret, and is she not precisely the person we can imagine, as living upon the recollection of a breakfast with Royalty?

We think of the palm and the date as we see the wide nostril and glossy coat of Morton's thorough-bred, the gallant Moorkopf, and we shudder at the maniac cries and furious gesticulations that emanate from

'PALE HABAKKUK MUCKLEWRATH,
Who cried God's will be done.'

Could we hope for eloquence from

'DUMBIEDIKES, that silent laird,
With love too deep to smile.'

or could the English language have produced a name more fitting for the simple-hearted, trusting maiden, who trudged so many weary miles to ask for mercy from 'McCallum More,' than Jeannie Deans, or one more suited to the loving, light-headed, once light-hearted sister, than Effie?

There is a sorrow in the name of the Bride of Lammermoor that rings upon the imagination like a death-knell, and our pride instantly arms itself, as we encounter the 'lofty brow and bearing high' of dark Ravenswood.

What Alderman could have angered the noble author so much as to make him name a jester 'Wamba, the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, the son of an Alderman?'

What an appropriate name have we for the devoted, self-sacrificing Israelitish maiden, in

'BEAUTIFUL REBECCA,
Peerless daughter of a Jew'

But one man in England could be found capable of draining that huge goblet of muscadine at a draught, or of finishing that formidable 'Karum pie' at one sitting, and that was Athelstane — a man of great weight in some respects — and we doubt if a whole herd of swine could have grunted out a more suitable designation for their keeper, than Gurth the son of Beowolf. We see the brawny arm of Friar Tuck as he tucks up his sleeve to do battle with the venison, with which his board groans; and the black bull's head on that huge shield tells plainly enough that it is the symbol of the gigantic Front-de-Bœuf.

Alfred could have had no descendant more Saxon than Rowena; chivalry no type more proper than the gallant Ivanhoe; and we hear the sylvan name of 'Locksley the Archer,' only to lose it in the sound of Robin Hood's bugle, as the 'King of the Forest' welcomes the glorious Cœur-de-Lion to the oaks of Sherwood.

Why is it that the name of Sir Piercie Shafton and a little bodkin are so indissolubly connected in our memory, and that it seems perfectly natural that he should have been the grand-son of that worthy tailor, 'Overstitch of Holderness?'

How musical is the name of 'The Monks of Kennaquhair;' and how like to the ambitious prelate, possessing

'A FIERY soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay,'

is that of Father Eustace.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that Hob Miller wore a white hat, and that he was frequently in the habit of asserting,

'I LIVE by the mill, God bless her!
She's parent, wife, and child:'

notwithstanding he was the progenitor of charming 'Black-eyed Mysie,' the cherry-cheeked 'Maid of the Mill?'

The mysterious 'Lady of the Mist,' who vanished into ether, singing,

'THE knot of faith at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride;
Wither, bush, and perish, well,
Fallen is lofty AVENEL:'

was doubtless perfectly correct in this assertion, but Mary Avenel did not injure herself particularly by the fall referred to, for she fell into the arms of Halbert Glendinning, and his name is certainly sufficient to prove what a fine, warlike, and romantic fellow he was.

That sweet name of Mary Avenel, itself, comes wafted to our ear on the soft breezes of Glendearg, and we leave even them without regret, as we think:

'It's no the roar of sea or shore
Wad make me longer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar,
But leaving thee, my bonny MARY.'

What a capital cognomen for a mumbling herald, whose life has been spent in blazoning the virtues of dead bones, is Mumbazen : how excellent a name for an old falconer is Adam Woodcock : or Magdalen for the enthusiastic devotee,

—— ‘THE pilgrim of that shrine,
Whose spirit triumphs o’er the tomb,
And makes its dust divine.’

Little wit is required to discover that our friend, Bryce Snailsfoot, was a trudging peddler, that ‘the generous old Udaller,’ Magnus Troll, was a magnate of some remote corner of the earth, like Zetland, or that

‘THE witch who raised her withered arm
And waved her hand on high,
And muttered many a fearful charm,
While lightning filled her eye,’

was ‘Norna of the Fitful Head,’ the wild Reim-kennar of the North. What a host of melodious names have we in Glenvarloch, Hermione, Red Gauntlet, Wandering Willie, Peveril of the Peak, Fenella, Crécœur, Le Balaféré, and Dunois. Who can forget that Hayraddin was the infidel Bohemian, whose last thought on earth was of his fleet horse, Klepper ; and how appropriately the Lady Hameline fulfils the destiny marked out for her by her sponsors, in marrying the Wild Boar of Ardenes.

Phœbe Mayflower reminds us of the dogwood and violets of Woodstock, and down the lofty avenue comes a voice singing :

‘HEY for Cavaliers,
Ho for Cavaliers!’

as we think of that wild, rakish devil, Roger Wildrake.

But we have trespassed too long on these generous columns, and had we the wit, we might conclude as Swain did his beautiful ‘Dryburgh Abbey,’ by telling you that

‘THE vision and the voice are o’er,
Their influence waned away,
Like music o’er a summer’s lake
At the golden close of day :
The vision and the voice are o’er,
But when will be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance,
The imperishable Scott?’

Such a poetic flight, however, is somewhat too high for our present mood, and as the fate of ‘Icarus’ is still fresh in our memory, we will merely remark that Master Holdenough’s name is, perhaps, the best of all, since it reminds us that we must stop, and consoles us with the reflection that

‘A good break-down is better than a bad speech.’

ALL our life’s quick-running flight
Is through never-changing twilight :
Past, revealed day crowds on us ever :
Ever rush we toward the future night,
Yet we reach the future never!

A V I S I O N O F M O U N T V E R N O N .

WASHINGTON and his brethren of the Revolution contemplating the efforts of the Daughters of America, now seeking to adorn the spot that holds his ashes.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN

METHINKS in yonder spangled skies
'Mid blissful bowers of paradise,
Thy awful spirit I discern;
I see thy mournful glances turn
To Vernon's faded, broken urn!
Then sudden a celestial glow
Brightens thy sad o'erclouded brow,
As thy fair daughters o'er thy mould
Up-build the shaft of gleamy gold,
All garlanded with wreaths of fame,
All radiant with thy shining name.

The war-scarred swordsmen, bronzed and worn,
Who followed long thy flaming spear,
And marched at last, with banners torn
And muffled drum, beside thy bier;
From war-like camp and life's rough roads
Have passed to heavenly calm abodes,
Where wearied veterans drop their loads;
But still their children's children rear
The shaft whose topmost gilded stone
Shall bear the name of WASHINGTON!

Far off in shadowy parade
I seem to see their hosts arrayed,
The well-known Continental troop,
A stern-faced, grand, majestic group,
In antique garb, with ancient blade,
The army of the dead!
And each with pleasure-beaming glance
Surveys his country's broad expanse,
Wide o'er the bleak, black rocks of Maine,
Wide o'er the prairie's flowery plain,
From sea to flashing sea!
Delighted, o'er that rich domain
They see a countless flower-crowned band,
The lovely daughters of the land,
Each bearing in her rosy hand
Some gift, some jewel of the mine,
To deck her Father's native shrine!

Methinks on each stern warrior's brow
A smile celestial spread its glow
As morning tints the mountain snow,
With bloom so rosy-red;
Methinks the grand old chief doth wear
A softer look, a prouder air,
As if some cloudy shade of care
Had from his visage fled;
Oh! well may transports fire their eyes
Seeing this sacred altar rise!

Seeing their daughters' lovely shapes,
From forest wilds, from jutting capes,
From north, from south, from east, from west
A long procession, flower-drest,
Fair pilgrims seeking Vernon's grave,
Where sobs Potomac's mournful wave;
And there 'mid choral psalms of praise,
'Mid sweetest, holiest melodies,
They labor till the shaft they raise
High soaring to the bending skies!

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

R E A L I T I E S .

'SHE has received a deep wound in her tenderness. I can see how it is. So devotedly as she has loved her father; so many perhaps unheeded sacrifices as she has ever made to his comfort and consolation; the rude indifference to her dearest feelings which he manifested in the manner of this rupture, has wounded her deeply. It is a sore trial to a child so good and dutiful.' — *MR. SORREL.*

In novels we see people compensated for all manner of misfortunes, by the ultimate accomplishment of their wishes; they do at length reach the haven of peace and happiness after having been long tempest-tossed. But in real life the scales are seldom balanced so nicely. It is to the life to come that we must look for the solution of mysteries and the final reward.

I had been crushed and tortured, but I was not dead. I had been thwarted in every path in which I had sought happiness, in every way in which happiness could come to me. I had been in love, had been engaged, had had every fibre of my soul knit to the soul of another, and felt them one by one torn and wrenched from their fastenings. I had wished to die, but I was not dead. What should I do? 'There might indeed be another as good, many a great deal better;' and love, I verily believe, love as strong, as deep, as true, might be inspired by more than one; but in all the wide world of millions I might not meet him, and were he at my feet, most firmly had I resolved that I would not listen to him.

Neither argument nor ridicule had convinced me that love was 'folly and nonsense.' I not only believed now, but knew and felt that it was first in purity and loftiness of all the emotions planted in our souls. But it was a boon denied me, and though there would be no life in the existence, I could exist without it. But henceforth inactivity and monotony must be abjured. I was not obliged to toil for bread. I almost wished I was, that there might be an apology in the eyes of the world for what I was resolved to do, and not entirely eradicated from my heart was the terror of what 'they would say.'

Aunt Ida endeavored to comfort me by reminding me that I was rich, and should have plenty of better offers, and when one presented itself not long afterward in the form of what the world calls an 'eligible match,' a man who was also rich, would make 'so kind a husband' and 'excellent provider,' she was astonished that I would not even 'think of it.' She was sure I should never have a 'better chance,' and perhaps if I did not 'take up with it' I should never have another! She hoped I did not mean to be an 'old maid,' because I had been 'disappointed.'

I did not reveal to her my silent meditations, nor attempt to make her understand that a walking account-book would be no so very desirable accompaniment in my earthly pilgrimage; for none of these things would she have comprehended, and would have cried fudge to my sentimentalism. Neither did I tell her what I say to this paper with about the same probability of being understood, that few women are in danger of dying of sentimentalism. The worst effect of the floods of fiction and romance, is not that of making young ladies too exclusive, or too much in love with heroes ever to be content with ordinary human beings. The sentiment which is an inalienable birth-right, that they must love something; and another, which they imbibe as soon as they can listen, and are formally taught as soon as they can understand, that they must be married to something, leaves very few who have the courage — and it requires a great deal — to wed themselves to imaginary heroes.

I was not dead, and there was a long way before me: how long it seemed then from the cradle to the grave! What should I do?

First, elasticity must be restored. Should I sit down in quiet and trust to the mere force of resolutions to preserve health, I should soon be sunk in hopeless despondency, and not the 'Worm of the Still,' but one far more insidious would fasten itself upon my vitals; one that would for ever gnaw, but alas! would never consume! It is a slow way of dying!

I must live:

'BEAR up, yet still bear up: no bark did e'er
By stooping to the storm of fear, escape the tempest's wrath.'

It is not womanly to be brave; it is far more proper to pine and die; and whether more seemly or not, there are few who have the power to do otherwise.

My childish recollections of the city were not all rose-color, but I could conceive of its having the power to divert, and diversion was my first object; therefore to the city I resolved to go.

My brother had married. I had been the repository of his hopes and fears, his success and ecstasies during all the season of courtship. I had given him sympathy, and had also given him aid. The rough places had more than once required to be made smooth, and the zigzag stream to be forced into a more compliant channel; and when the sky was dark, or the waters troubled, he sadly needed the magnetism of a gentle hand and a loving heart. Strange that it never occurred to him that she who ministered unto him needed also to be ministered unto. He

listened to her sorrowful story, but could not see that it was of 'any great consequence.' He was happy, it was enough for him. It was her duty to be happy, and he could only see that it was troublesome and annoying if she was not. If she was not blithe and gay, and ready at all times to amuse him, why she was moping, and her moods conflicted with his new-found joyousness. Once she was necessary to his happiness; now she could not add to it and she must not permit the clouds which hovered over her to shadow his path.

He was married, and if I wished to go to the city I was welcome to his home; but he was astonished that I was so weak as to need diversion, and my duties were at home, where I ought to be cheerful and contented.

Another dream had ended. Another of life's lessons had been thoroughly learned. 'Woman is made dependent. God has given her natural protectors.' How firmly they support her! How kindly they sustain her!

But I must live, whether sustained and supported or not; with no one else to rely upon, I must be self-relying.

I needed diversion, however weak it might be, or mind and body would soon be utterly prostrate. I could not travel. I had no escort. The city was the only place where propriety allowed me to amuse myself. I went and amused myself. I was in the bustling world, but not of it. In all the gay and endless throngs there were none who knew or cared for me. I dreamed away hours in the dimly-lighted halls of works of art, and threaded the dark alleys of the wretched and poverty-stricken; talked with beggars, and sat upon the marble steps of some princely palace to listen to the wild or plaintive tones of the wending musician, and did at length grow forgetful of self. There opened to me a new world, and awoke within me a new life.

Some good people are in the habit of advising others to be happy, of telling them it is their duty to be happy, as if happiness could come at our call; as if it were a thing to be planted and watered; and with not less complacency we are often admonished how meekly we should bear misfortune, pain, disease, or calumny, by those who would sink under the steady *anticipation* of any one of these evils. We are told to be blind to our parents' faults, while we have it enjoined as a duty to study the faults of all others as the only means of avoiding them, as if this blindness were a matter of the will, as if we could help seeing what is ever before our eyes, or help judging actions that more intimately concern us than any others.

I had been educated to think amusements of all kinds, not only a waste of time but sinful in themselves, and my educated conscience was a long time in discerning the faults of its education. Those who had so degenerated as to need the stimulus of excitement, I had been in the habit of supposing lost to all that was noble and good. Very truly may they congratulate themselves who have never been obliged to resort to it; but if there must be a choice between excitement and morbid inactivity, there can be no hesitation which to choose. There are few people who can understand what they themselves have not experienced; and to my brother, who had been always well, always happy, always

his own master, and always prosperous, the idea of being morbid, of needing medicine for the mind, was only ridiculous. If I had had a fever, he could have understood that I needed pills and powders; if I had had a wound, that I needed bandages and anodynes; but that the soul could be sick, or the mind suffer, was an idea to be treated only with contempt. He did not need diversion, and could not waste his time in furnishing it to others. Then came again the consciousness of woman's dependence, her utter inability to take care of herself. How often I sat at the window and looked out upon the park, longing to stroll alone its moon-lit paths, or watched the gay crowds to whom amusement was the end and aim of life, and wished society allowed me also free agency, not the freedom to consecrate life to pleasure, but to diversify it, and thus make it more useful.

But there were many things I was at liberty to observe, and I made the best use I was able of my powers. I was somewhat green. I should be if I had been born in Fifth Avenue and lived there a century. To those who had lived there two years and a half, it was perfectly amazing that I did not know any omnibus line in the city, the name of every church and its pastor, all the people who kept carriages, in which streets it was proper to acknowledge one had acquaintances living, and that no lady would think of wearing a hat made by any but a French milliner. 'Gloves in Sixth Avenue! who would think of buying gloves in Sixth Avenue!'

'But why are they not just as good? Do the manufacturers have one quality for Broadway, and another for streets of lesser dignity?'

'I know it is very easy to tell the difference.'

'I pray you will not keep staring in at the windows,' said a young lady with whom I was walking down Broadway; 'people will know you have just come from the country.'

'What if they do? I am from the country, and I came to the city on purpose to stare in at the windows, and with all my staring I think I shall never out-do those who stare at us when they come in the country.'

'Well, that's different.'

It was different I could see, but that it was better I could not see; and in future I walked alone, and gazed at any thing that promised remuneration for my pains. There was no such thing as modifying and remodelling me, so but what it would be evident that I was not a fashionable lady, though I did consent to go to Madam B.'s, where I passed through an ordeal very much like that to which I had often, in my thoughtless cruelty, subjected Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, previous to the last fiery trial. I was stuffed and pinioned, compressed and inflated, pulled this way and that way, and most minutely instructed in 'manners.' I made many friends who expressed great interest in my promotion, and anxiously suggested a thousand things for my improvement. One especially took upon herself the unpleasant but purely benevolent task of enumerating the disagreeable things there were about me, in mind, character, and person, and as often as two or three times a week devoted an hour to comparing me with others, in order to prove my inferiority. It would greatly multiply my attrac-

tions if I dressed like Miss D., and walked like Miss L.; if I sat demure like Miss P., for it is exceedingly ungenteel to be guilty of animation. I had never studied to make myself attractive, and conscious that those who are constituted our protectors, think it is only beauty that needs protection, I had never any hope of securing their kind guardianship. I was not indifferent, perhaps was not quite resigned to neglect. I had more than once coveted the charms others possessed, as well as the attention they were sure to receive, though I do not think envy ever took possession of my soul. But if my taste had been consulted, I certainly should not have given an orange tint to my complexion, that would almost prompt the benevolent to offer me free passage to the New Republic : nor adorned my face with a three-cornered protuberance, bearing very little resemblance to a Christian nose. Had the option remained with me, I should have chosen auburn instead of raven hair, and the genuine Anglo-Saxon bloom for my cheeks. I should have preferred the ease and elegance which nature knows how to confer, to the awkwardness I was so painfully conscious of having inherited ; but I was equally well aware that these were things not to be acquired. I fully appreciated the kindness of those who wished to prepare me for the 'only proper sphere of woman,' by increasing my market value, and my friend informed me for my encouragement, that she had actually known homely girls to get married ! Had it not been for my experience, my hopes might have been revived by this assurance ; but very naturally my efforts in this line corresponded with my languishing aspirations, though I reserved this bit of confidence for my readers only.

I shall not bring upon myself the attacks of all the critics for advocating 'woman's rights,' 'woman's education,' or 'woman's progress,' in any respect, not being among those who, in the language of one who considers himself very wise on the subject, 'think it a great wrong or any wrong at all that wifehood and maternity are made the great end of woman's life.' But we do not think with him that the exceptions are rare, so rare as to be entirely without significance, that happy women, those who discharge with satisfaction and completeness all the duties peculiar to womanhood, are entirely satisfied with woman's whole position. They do not consider it quite proved that the majority of women are as well provided for and as happy as the majority of men, if independence and free-agency have any thing to do with happiness. But experience being in many things not the best merely, but the only teacher, it is useless to attempt to instruct in any other way men, who being men, can never appreciate their own peculiar privileges, and not being women, can never understand *their* peculiar wants.

The consciousness became more than ever painful, that to have no duties at all to perform, was a kind of life more oppressive than to be condemned to the veriest drudgery. I could not get so interested and absorbed in dressing as to feel it a sufficient object in life. Amusements, when I could enjoy them, were sufficient for the hour, and then appeared the vacuum more and more appalling.

The little wife with whom I was domiciled was 'so contented and so happy,' and continually congratulating herself that excitement and

change were not necessary to her nature. She not only had a home for her heart, but a house in which to exercise her mind, her taste ; to plan, arrange, construct, and direct, all of which combined, does furnish enough for any true woman's nature, and the more womanly she is the more certain it will prove that without these she will be restless and demand a substitute.

But it is not those who have plenty of wifely and motherly duties to perform, who are always content and happy, as I learned in the little time spent in the family of a notable uncle, who, finding I had come to the city, thought meet to invite me to his house. I had never then seen any thing in the way of grandeur quite so grand as my uncle Gideon's establishment, and was still so green as to suppose happiness must necessarily dwell in the midst of so much luxury.

I had scarcely known of their existence till now, as for some reason there had been a sort of family feud which had interrupted, for many years, all family-visiting, and accepted the invitation as a sort of stepping-stone to peace and good-will.

When the appointed day arrived I was of course expected, but it is very ungenteel and countrified for friends to greet friends at the door, and I saw nothing of mine till I had been ushered up three flights of stairs, not into the best chamber, because I am a country friend, and the third-best will do for me, of which I am not disposed to complain, except that it is a long way up, and is a dormitory far more elegant than I have been in the habit of occupying, and not till I had spent there some three or four hours. The furniture is all made to order, and made to correspond, and every article is of rose-wood of the finest polish. Over the fire-place is a *Madonna*, from the hands of one of the old masters. Over the toilet-table is a mirror which reflects me more beautiful than nature ever dreamed of making me, and this, during all my stay, compensates for many other evils ; for I confess what perhaps few women will, that I like to go away from the mirror with a comfortable feeling, which I am sure is not sin, as it is only a comfortable feeling that is ever allowed me. My bed, could it be down ? no, that would be fifty years behind the age. Yet it is quite as downy in the sensation it produces, as I sink to slumber in its depths. The curtains are lace, of course, but I am almost deluded into the belief that a fancy cloud of morning is hovering over me with its dancing shadows reflected upon the amber-colored satin below. I purify myself in a crystal fountain that flows through silver forests into a marble basin, and walk upon tapestry that would yield to the pressure of the tiniest foot of elfin sprite.

Not till the shadows begin to fall, and I am almost falling from faintness, does the dinner hour arrive, and not till this important occasion, do I meet the family, who have been airing and dressing, and have not before assembled in the parlor.

My uncle, whose name was not Gideon, merely, but Gideon Frisby, was a man who had seen some sixty years, and ought to have been still young, as all men ought to be at this age, but he had withered his soul, and narrowed his mind, by speculating among bonds and mortgages, till there was scarcely any of the immortal part left, and, as is

always the case, the furrows of the heart are stamped upon the face. There is no truer way to read the man than to trace the lines upon his brow. By which I do not mean to imply that the brow may not be all furrows, and age be written upon every feature, and they yet gleam with a beauty surpassing the bloom of the ruddiest youth. But this beauty never gleams from the sordid soul.

My aunt was married in the days of her youth, and was therefore nearly of the same age as her husband, and nearly twice his size. They began life as most Americans do, in a small way, and lived in the same small way till they were able to come suddenly forth and play the part of prince and noble, and suddenly astonish the world, the little world for which they lived, by an establishment which few would hope to rival.

When we meet I am greeted with all the cordiality consistent with decorum, and though it is not expressed, I feel quite confident that they have not objected to my staying, and on the whole rather like the idea. Before dinner there is time for me to look about, and it is evidently expected that I shall open my eyes with wonder, and express the greatest astonishment at what they are permitted to behold. I am somewhat dazzled, to be sure, in these great saloons, which seem like something of which I may have read in eastern fable, but which I did not really suppose existed in modern and especially model Republics! The chairs actually stood upon golden legs, 'like Miss Kilmansegs,' and were covered with cloth, the warp and woof of which were gold. Statues and statuettes, in a state of nature, stood in every nook and corner, and all manner of saints and angels, winged cherubs and cherubims were in a similar interesting state upon the walls. I was no longer so unsophisticated as to be shocked, for I had learned that this was exhibiting myself in a way to make my friends blush more for me than I did for them; for of course I could learn nothing of art if I had not learned to look with an artist's eye upon his works. My eyes had become skilled in the unfaltering gaze that proved them to be *habitués* and I had not forgot the lessons which had been so often inculcated, that it is extremely vulgar to appear natural, and while I continually reiterated 'oh!' and 'ah!' I did it according to the most approved methods. I was expected to stare and to admire as if it were the first time I had seen any thing quite so worthy of admiration, and felt very much while I was doing it, as I often had in the Museum, where I had paid two shillings for admittance.

But at length the tinkle of the silver bell announces dinner. The table groans with luxuries, and course after course comes round, till dining seems to you the most wearisome and disgusting of ceremonies. There is no conversation, for this would interrupt the main business, and they have never even learned the meaning of conversation.

My Aunt Dolly was the personification of every thing coarse and vulgar in woman. That she had no education, was not her fault; that she had neither perception nor discernment, might not be her fault either; but that she was without principle, though making great professions to piety, a slave to fashion, and in continual trepidation lest those as ignorant and vulgar as herself should suspect her of not being versed in

all the minutiae of fashionable etiquette, it seems to me could not be the fault of Him who made her. She evidently had the false idea that dress is the most important element in the formation of a lady, and it is very true that the real lady may be known by her dress. But I have seen one who did not spend twenty dollars a year upon her personal apparel, whose dress would indicate to the most superficial glance that it belonged to one who was, in every thought and motion, a lady. How to *seem* a lady had been for several years the study of my Aunt Dolly, and if she had devoted the same time to studying *to be* one, I think she might have learned, at least, to act well her part.

What a scene of genuine enjoyment might have been made of their gilded palace! Before they were ready to inhabit it, their children were all married or dead; so, instead of surrounding themselves with sunny human faces, and creating an atmosphere of love and sympathy, of winning new hearts and binding them by honest and hearty kindness, they chose society made up of statues, whose breath was more chilling than the touch of marble.

'Why may not a few friends come in and enjoy a social evening?' I would inquire of my would-be stately aunt.

'Oh! nobody does it in the city,' was the stereotyped reply to this and every other question that referred to genuine enjoyment. Is there no company to vary the monotony? Oh! yes; at certain hours there are carriages at the door; the bell rings responsive to the touch of liveried servants; doors open to admit these various and sundry statues dressed not in classic but in Parisian fashion, and from their lips fall, in measured cadence, stereotyped phrases; bows are exchanged; *exceunt*; the carriage rolls away, and the mistress of the establishment congratulates herself that she belongs to the first society—that her house and its adornings are the wonder of all eyes—that she is Mrs. Gideon Frisby! They long ago bade adieu to comfort and every thing like happiness, but what matters, now that they are fashionable and genteel? Is it absolutely necessary, thought I, to become a fool as one becomes rich? to give up happiness as one gains gold? I must not go into the street without an array which requires an hour's arrangement, and when there, I must walk as if my muscles were a regularly-constructed machine, some of the complicated springs of which would break if I should move contrary to rule. And who is going to think the worse of me if I venture to be an independent, self-relying, natural being? Why, not ten people in the great city know me at all. In the street I should not, in a whole week, meet one who would recognize me; and if I should, of what consequence is the opinion which depends entirely upon the fashion of my dress? Alas! this is a question nobody can answer. There we are, all mourning that we are slaves; but when we ask, 'Slaves to whom and to what?' the only reply is, 'To one another, and a fashion which we alone make.' Each one hates it, abhors it, and each one bows down to the goddess who commands it.

'It is so expensive staying in the city,' was an expression I had often heard, and I soon found how true it was, and learned also, that one great reason is that there is so much necessary for display there is little left for comfort. There was no provision for the coughs, the colds, the

head-aches or heart-aches of her friends in the store-house of my aunt. There was no medicine-chest, or shelf with row of labelled bottles, and it seemed to me there was not a grain of sympathy in her bosom, and if there had ever been a drop of the milk of human kindness, it had long ago been turned to something worse than bitterness.

‘Have you a head-ache, and would you like a little camphor?’ You can get the gum at the druggist’s and the alcohol at the liquor-store, ‘round the corner,’ and when it has stood three or four days it will be fit for use, and by that time, very likely you will not again want it.

‘Have you a cold, and would you like a little of the nice herb drink that never failed to cure you at home?’ The servant can run out and get you a paper for two shillings. A penny’s worth is all you need, but there are no such quantities in this great mart.

It is indeed expensive living in the city. How much it costs to dress, so that one is presentable among one’s fashionable friends. What a quantity of embroideries are soiled every week, and what a bill the laundress makes out; for to have washing done in the house is not one of the privileges accorded to a guest. Servants do not like it to have extra washing, and to be at extra trouble to entertain people is no part of modern hospitality. In the country it is different. We have all our food and raiment free of expense; we have carriages and horses, but it costs nothing to buy or keep them. The grain grows in the fields ‘without money and without price.’ We have no servants, so of course we do not have to pay them. We do our own work and waiting, but surely it is no labor, at least our gentility is not affected by it. City friends come and stay days and weeks, and imagine they are doing us a favor, but every thing costs so much in the city that these same friends can scarcely be invited to dine in return for the cordial hospitality that was bestowed without a look or word that reminded them they were either expense or trouble.

Cold, stately, and formal, heartless, vulgar splendor! These were the expressions that escaped my lips as I strolled about the gorgeous apartments at my Uncle Gideon’s. Even the very fire seemed to chill one, and the brilliant reflectors to cast upon one cold, dark shadows that lay like clods upon the heart. Every thing was done with the precision of clock work; the breakfast-bell rang, the dinner-bell rang, and the tea-bell rang at an invariable moment, and all was cheerless as a felon’s meal. Like my Lady Dedlock’s house, ‘it was a fairy land to visit, but a desert to live in.’

And was there no thought of higher or better things, with all this pomp and show? Oh! yes. The church had no more meekly-bowing devotees, and no more munificent patrons. Just witness the Sunday morning preparations for the house of God. It is the family only who deserve the Sabbath. The Sabbath, evidently, was not made for servants. They are busy with breakfast; more busy with dinner, which is a genuine Sunday dinner, far more elaborate than any other day, and the dressing is more elaborate than for any other occasion, except a ball. The Sabbath hat and Sabbath cloak are of richer and more costly material. The driver and the footman spend a longer time in furbishing the horses and carriage to stand before the church door, and there is an

appearance all around the house of festivity and celebration. When all things are ready, we move off with something of the grandeur of a cavalcade. Does not every body stare when we walk through the aisle? What a sin it would be to stay away from church! What a wicked thing it is not to support the Gospel! Look around: CHRIST said 'the poor shall have the Gospel preached to them.' I wonder where they are to assemble in order to hear it? and whose office it is to preach it to them? There are certainly none of them here. The minister adapts his sermon to the consciences and especially to the purses of his hearers. Nobody is startled, nobody is offended, nobody is aroused. Can it possibly be a sermon unto edification? Every thing is done with the stateliness and solemnity of a court parade, and when the ceremonies are over we go home. The dinner is ready to refresh us, and there are two or three gentlemen to dine.

'We had a most excellent discourse,' is remarked by one, while his eyes seem to be engrossed by the excellent dinner; and 'The Doctor was himself to-day,' remarks another, and 'The church was well filled, chimes a third, and neither word nor doctrine receives farther comment; but Mrs. B.'s carriage and Mrs. D.'s feathers are thoroughly discussed. The afternoon is spent in sleeping, and the evening at the prayer-meeting; and one Sunday is like every other, and all weeks the same.

What conception had my Aunt Dolly of the 'holy duties of womanhood,' may easily be inferred; but to answer would require a book, at least a chapter, and when it is written, it will be the history of hundreds and thousands on whom the 'holy' duties of womanhood devolve.

THE SAND.

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

How pleasant 't is to wander back
O'er memory's fairy-land,
To days when I a 'bare-foot boy,'
Made 'foot-prints in the sand:'

To days when childhood's guerdon-wreath
By pleasure's gale was fanned;
To days when I, with mimic-plough,
Made furrows in the sand:

To days when I and Susy met
Upon the sea-girt strand;
And we vowed love, beneath the stars,
And wrote our names in sand.

But oh! the change, to me how sad,
When TIME lifts up his hand,
To see him turn his hour-glass,
And sift the fatal sand!

For such, I know, my fate must be,
That DEATH will burst the band;
And I, too soon, be called to count
My life's last grain of sand!

Then may I study well the text,
To meet the stern demand;
And read with less distrust and fear,
The language of the sand.

Danbury, (Conn.)

Carwallon's Feast.

BY E. N. V.

'Loud joy in the hall,
There was the sound of the harp,
Sweet sang the bards.' — BEOWULF.

'And there was mounting in hot haste.' — BYRON.

'T WAS night:
In CARWALLON'S royal hall
Were sounds of joyous festival:
From the smitten cord was poured along
The burden of the bard's wild song;
The song that in rude numbers told
The valorous feats of warriors old,
Then happy in the halls of THOR,
Waging there celestial war,
Or quaffing with shouts of skoal! skoal!
The golden mead from the o'erflowing bowl
But hark! amid this joyous din
Another sound breaks sudden in;
'Tis the dull echo of trampling feet,
'Tis a galloping charger's measured beat.
On, on it came, with furious speed;
Down leaped the rider from his steed;
And upward through the festal hall,
He strode amid the revellers all;
Then paused, and, gasping, only cried,
'The Roman comes!' and sunk and died.

Down fell the sounding harp,
And down the half-drained goblet fell;
Wild to the ringing rafters rose,
The loud, reëchoing yell:
'To arms! the foe! they come, they come!
The trirèmes of all-grasping Rome.
Lift the bended bow on high,*
Pour on the winds the wild war-cry;
Roman widows, through long, long years,
Shall re-count with many tears,
How Britons, like an avalanche, rushed
On the glittering ranks of the foe they crushed.'
Flashed from its sheath the gleaming steel;
Loud rose the war-trump's clanging peal;
Steeds were joined to the battle-car;
Armed hands were raised to THOR;
Then, forth to guard Britannia's coasts,
Poured her sons' embattled hosts.

Easton, (Pa.), 1856.

* It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers through the land, each bearing a bended bow.

M Y F I R S T D U E L .

‘FATHER, Mr. C — was talking to-day about old college times, when he and you were students together at M — University, in the North, and in the course of his conversation, spoke of a duel which you and a friend of yours fought while there. How was it? What was the cause? Tell me, won't you?’

‘Well, my boy, it was one of those affairs of honor, as they are now called, which I thought a brave and chivalrous thing to enter into, and for which I am now heartily ashamed. However, I will relate it to you, and bid you be careful lest you fall into as dire and unnecessary a snare as I, from the impulse of my over-quick temper and revengeful spirit, became entangled. Mother, do you wish to hear it?’ This was addressed to my wife, a clear, blue-eyed dame, now looking with eyes of strange alarm on me and her boy, this having been the first time she had ever, during the course of our married life, even dreamed of such an adventure of her husband's.

‘Oh! yes. I should like to know something of that myself.’

‘Well, then, here it is. Twenty years ago saw me a member of the Freshman class at M — University, a careless, reckless, fearless boy of sixteen. My father, God bless him! presented me, when I left his roof-tree in Florida, in order to amuse myself, in my leisure hours, fearing I might over-work myself if I had no inducement otherwise, with a fine light rifle, a suit of Indian-dressed deer-skin, powder, and bullet-pouch, and, to crown all, a large, magnificently-made dog, which he had brought home with him from Ireland, whither he had been a year or two before. This hound was of a mouse-color, with a fine fox nose, long slim legs, and stood nearly four feet high. His eyes were never still, always watching some object, even at his meals; and as to his general reputation among the fellows, he could out-run, out-scent, out-bay any dog, within a hundred miles of M —. Satan was the name he bore at home, and for old remembrances this diabolical name followed him wherever he went. Among the members of the unacknowledged secret and sporting club, to which I belonged, yecept ‘The Provisional Government,’ was George E —, a rather fast and unscrupulous sportsman, whose whole time was spent, instead of at his books, as it should have been, coursing the woods, and dealing destruction upon all game, of whatever quality, that crossed his hunting path. To him as a leader, I could have bowed in submissive homage; but as a shot, with rifle or pistol, I acknowledged no superior at that time, for I was then a perfect marksman. Strange feats I could tell you, as to my aim and general prowess, but they have no connection with the present relation.

‘One Saturday morning, George came to me and said: ‘Well, Jim, there has been a fine fall of snow last evening, and the rabbits and squirrels will be plentiful this morning: shall we try the woods?’

‘I gave him no answer for a moment, and he resumed: ‘If you do not wish to go, I will take Satan, and go alone.’

‘Now Satan had a great difficulty in distinguishing between us, as to who was his master : George assuming as much control over him as I did myself, and the dog would follow him with as little persuasion as he would me.

‘Well, George, wait a moment till I dress myself, and I will accompany you.’

‘I went to my room, equipped, and started out, rifle on shoulder, for the piney woods.

‘I forgot to tell you in my preamble that George’s father was one of the Professors in the University, and that in college honor, George outranked me. The house he lived in was situated within the college-grounds, and immediately behind the boundary of the same, the woods commenced thick and uncleared. It was the season when the farmers gathered, in pails and buckets, the sap of the sugar-maple, and boiled the saccharine juice until the consistent sugar was obtained. It was a favorite amusement of ours to go to the sugar-camps far away in the woods, and sit around the big fires, and listen to the jokes of the boilers, and taste the steaming syrup. It had been our custom every day to go at the evening gloaming, and stay till late at night, smoking our short pipes, and drinking our ‘Old Rye’ out of a leaf noggin ; and we never thought ourselves far from home, until we had left the sugar-boilings four or five miles behind.

‘Distant about four miles from our domicile was the largest and most complete sugar-camp in the country. Toward this we now bent our steps. Satan coursed on before, racing here and there, sometimes starting a deer or rabbit, which we endeavored to kill and bag with varied success, while on he went, yelling and scouting, as if all were but play to him. Leisurely we followed, often excited by the break of a deer across our path, but never varying from our accustomed track, save to pick up our game. About noon we reached the camp, and around the fire made in the snow, and composed of combustible substances of every description, we found our old cronies, the sugar-boilers, and were heartily welcomed, as just ‘in pudding time.’ There in the snow, some half-dozen yards from the fire, they were sitting upon branches and logs, eating their noon-day meal. We were, of course, invited to partake, and quickly disposing of our rifles, accoutrements, and game, fell to work in right hungry and masterly style, and did our duty, with the best among them, our long march having sharpened our already gnawing appetites. Satan received as much of welcome as his masters, and was regaled with his share, never scrupling to take his bit from one more than another. Conversation now turned upon the state of the woods, and the quantity of game, and where it were best found, and in the greatest quantity. This camp was honored with the cognomen of ‘The Eagle’s Nest,’ it being the top-most eyrie in a long range of hills, which stretched toward the eastward from us, far as the eye could reach, and on various occasions the great bald eagles, illustrious emblems of the liberty of our country, had made it a consecrated spot whereon to build their enormous nests. Still on the height in the fissures, betwixt two great rocks, could be found mosses and twigs, remnants of the last resting-place of these gigantic birds. Many

a shot had George and I had at one of these feathered aristocrats, from the very spot on which we now stood, and although marksmen of superior ability, yet neither had been able to oblige one of them to stoop from his high flight. We were told game had been seen that very morning, making a range toward another track of highland, some five miles distant, and that, without doubt, we should find straggling parties of deer between our present stand and the 'Toad Hollow,' another valley between the hills, far away to the east. We soon finished our chat, and started on the trail, Satan as usual leading the way. After a few hundred yards had been passed, and Satan had been lost sight of for some time, we were astonished by hearing far ahead the loud baying of the dog, yelling in such a manner that we were convinced game must have been started, and that of a superior quality to what we had been in the habit of following. On we went, fast as we could clear a track through the under-bush, stealing along stilly and slyly, for fear of rousing some hidden partridge or timid rabbit, before we were near enough to draw the bead upon them. On, however, we went, swiftly and surely, nearing faster and faster the hound's cry, and the yell ringing clearer and shriller through the frozen air, vibrated against the hill-side, and echoed far away. Just as we reached within a few feet of our canine friend, who seemed to be perfectly motionless, save as to baying, we distinctly heard a rustling in the bushes, and saw the fiery eyes, and black shaggy nozzle of a young black bear. Frightened I admit I was, and sprang back a few feet upon the first sight, but the manly firmness of George reassured me, and I retraced my steps. He very coolly raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as near as I could judge, from the direction of his aim, he pointed directly between the beast's eyes, and pulled the trigger. I at the same moment stilled the dog, and waited to see the effect of the shot, intending to put in my bullet, if his had proved ineffectual or insufficient. But 'man proposes,' etc.; before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder the bear had disappeared, and his tramp, as he crunched the dead branches under the snow, could be distinctly heard fast receding from his former hiding-place, while the baying of the dog, in full chase, reverberated through the gorges as if miles away. Off we started, the dog still leading us, and on we travelled, till night brought us to a halt, wearied, hungry, and unsuccessful. Satan was where we knew not; still ringing at intervals far off to the north, could be heard his yell, growing fainter and fainter as we listened. I put my dog-call in my mouth, and blew the usual blast for him to return, but he came not. Cold, wet, and chilled, we turned us back, resolving in our minds to sleep at the camp all night, and go home in the morning. In an hour we had reached the high ground, and could see plainly the red light of the sugar-fire, looming up clearly and plainly in the frosty air, coloring the fleeting snow-clouds with a yellow glare. Trudging along with as much celerity as possible, we made from the woods, striking a direct track to the clearing, which, after having fallen in the snow a hundred times, and almost barely escaping rolling down the innumerable precipices, which we were obliged to pass, we reached, after the boilers had devoured their supper. No supper! This was a new inducement for

anger, and our feelings at our poor success were not the most gracious and enviable. We concluded to return home, supperless and tired as we were, and waited only for the rising of the moon to start. During our detention here, who should come stalking into our midst, with his ears scratched, his hide barked, his hair discolored and bloody, but our infernal friend, Master Satan? By all appearances he had indiscreetly introduced himself to our other black friend, the bear, and some not over-amicable personal endearments had been exchanged between them, from the effects of which Satan had hurriedly returned to us in the unseemly state he now presented. One ear lopped rather heavily to one side, scratched and bleeding, the flesh almost cut through, while the other still retained the old, fashionably-foppish erectness, customary to his aristocratic lineage. His tail, carried on ordinary occasions stretched out while running to its straightest tension, or curled gracefully over his sleek and shining back, was now drooped to the ground, and hung, as if in shame, between his legs. Various were the speculations of the assembled group, as to the final destination of our wounded but still untamed adversary, and many were the places, notorious for their wildness and difficult approach, named as the final retreat and cover of the foe. These conjectures, although they inspired us with the hope of once again meeting with the brute, and exchanging compliments with him, were little adapted to cool our feverish blood, now aggravated by the taunts of some of the by-standers, and by a raging appetite and depressing weariness. The moon having now attained a height at which it cast her rays over the tree-tops, and lit up the forest with her silvery beams, simultaneously we both arose, determined to make home before we starved to death, or became too fretful to be agreeable.

Tramp, tramp!—crunch, crunch!—we paced it over the now crispy snow, which, during the day, had thawed slightly, and now, since night had set in, had frozen, till a crust covered the whole expanse of ground, breaking creakingly underneath our feet. On we walked, unconscious of the presence of each other, busied only with our own melancholy thoughts, and desiring neither to converse nor to listen to conversation. The moon shone clearly above us, and every object was as distinct to the eye as it would have been had it been noon-day. George was walking a rod or two behind me, and at intervals would increase the distance, as he lagged behind, to five or six. Satan walked silently, majestically, and as if tired, in George's rear, and like a well-bred hound as he was, followed in the steps of his masters. Thus we strode along, until within a hundred rods of the house, and then, by some unaccountable circumstance, Satan intruded his nose, and then a good part of his body, between the legs of the already irritated George, and naturally enough, down came the butt of the rifle upon his devoted head. My attention was attracted toward the now picturesque group, from hearing the long, loud yell of pain which Satan uttered at the rebuke, thereby frightening me, and disturbing the stillness of the night. I turned to see the cause, and heard George curse the dog, threatening at the same time, to shoot him if again so awkward. He was now some distance behind me, and picking up a piece of the frozen crust, I demanded why he struck the hound, and threatened to shoot

him if he did so again, at the same moment flinging the ice at his head, which unfortunately struck him. He bowed his head when he felt the blow, but the next moment I saw him bring his rifle hurriedly to his shoulder and draw the hammer back. I sprang for a stump near by, but before I reached it, I felt in my right side a sharp, cutting pain, as if a red-hot iron was scorching my vitals. Down I fell, full length on the snow, and for a moment all was dark and bloody before my eyes. I now felt the warm blood oozing gush by gush out of the wound made by the ball. At that moment, no thought of death or dying crossed my mind: all my energies, all my thoughts, all my mind, were bent on the means to revenge myself. I had no faults at that time: all I seemed to remember was the cowardly advantage taken of me by *my friend George*! *Avenge, avenge it!* seemed searing my brain: these words seemed burning into my very life-blood, seemed cutting my every nerve and urging me to action. Presently this blinding fit passed off, but the desire for revenge still hung round me with fearful tenaciousness. Satan, nearly wild with excitement, always jumping in advance at the report of the rifles, was flying hither and thither around me, smelling at my side, and rubbing his cold nose against my face, appearing to know and understand the hurt I had sustained, and seemingly endeavoring to evince the most perfect disapproval of the act. I had fallen near the stump, behind which I had at first endeavored to find shelter; and raising myself to my feet, although the effort gave me the most intense pain, I staggered on to an immense decaying log near by, falling upon it as soon as having reached it. Down behind this I lay for a few seconds, in the most feeble state, my whole system racked with the most excruciating anguish; and, with a powerful effort of the will, at length raised myself to my knees, and levelled my rifle across the log. I now looked around for George. For a few moments every object, snow, trees, stumps, and sky, all seemed revolving about me, and I supposed myself drowning, or rather swimming in an ice-ocean. The moon still shone brightly, and the woods were clearer than before to my excited fancies. I looked, after the dizziness had passed, for several seconds for George uselessly, but when I had become more composed, although still in great agony from the effect of my wound, I just saw his shadow on the snow, a hundred yards or so from my position, and there I determined to wait his first motion and then send a bullet through his heart or head. While waiting thus I debated with myself whether to aim for the breast or eyes. My determination was at last formed, and I mentally concluded to direct my rifle at his head and kill him dead, so dead in fact, that he never could explain the cause or manner. Thus I lay deliberately plotting a murder, the fear of God, or what should come after, never once entering my mind. Thus I reasoned: he had shot me in a moment of passion, he should therefore be subjected to all the after-consequences which necessarily follow such an act. That the ball had entered my right side, glanced off against my lowest rib, and cut through my liver, I was convinced, and now, upon reflection, I stood a fair, almost certain chance, of going upon the long, unceasing journey upon which I had now fully resolved he should bear me company, ay, and lead the way, too. God only knows from whom

I inherited such fiendish passions, such damning hate and bitter animosity toward any who had injured me but these thoughts all coursed through my brain, and instead of stilling the fever which was now fast heating my blood and aggravating my bitter passions, seemed further irritating all the worse feelings more and more. It seemed an age I waited, but firm to death, I neither spoke nor cried, although my sufferings were indescribable. At length I just saw the upper part of George's body bent around the stump, and then I drew back the hammer of the rifle, and drawing the butt to my shoulder as best I could in my uneasy position, I prepared to aim. Up he rose quick and suddenly, and the moment he did so, my finger drew back the trigger and sent the ball whizzing toward his head. This last effort cost me all my strength, and falling back on the snow, my ears, heart, and very soul were pierced through and through by the most horrid scream of pain I ever heard, and then all sense vanished from my mind, all light from my eyes, all feeling from my body, and I seemed as dead. I had fainted.

‘ONE morning I awoke, as from a horrid dream, and remembering nothing of the occurrences before narrated, I attempted to raise my hand to my head, which was now aching badly, when I discovered I possessed not the least power of motion and could speak no word above a whisper. I made a slight ejaculation, and before the word was concluded, George was standing beside my bed, tears running down his cheeks, and his eyes almost starting from his head. ‘God be thanked, Jim, you are yourself again,’ said he as soon as he discovered I was sensible of his presence, which I could only assure him of by a ghastly smile, being too weak to speak a word.

‘Do you know how long you have been sick?’ he asked.

‘I replied with my eyes in the negative, and he continued:

‘You have been subjected to all this pain and trouble by my infernal hot temper, and it is now six weeks ago since I drew the bead on you. Your shot struck me on the collar-bone and slivered it as if it had been paper. I fell on the snow, and after lying for a short time, I crawled down to the house and alarmed the inmates by my tale. Satan had been before me; he had yelled, and barked, and scratched at the doors until he gained admission, and then had set up the most dismal howling, running back and forth from the room to the outer door, to the astonishment and surprise of all. They had heard the shots, and supposed them to be the mere annunciators of our near approach, it having been our custom to fire just before reaching the house, you know, and they thought no more of it, until our long delay frightened them, and they were just coming to look for us as I gained the doorway. They immediately sought after you, and when found you were brought here, fainting and perfectly insensible. The doctor was instantly sent for, the bullet extracted, and morning discovered you perfectly prostrated with a violent brain-fever. Do n't touch your head, it has been shaved and now has no hair on it longer than a pin. You must be very quiet and make no exertion to move, the doctor says, and you will soon be up and around. Satan has entirely recovered, and ‘Here, Satan, come

and see your master,' he called the dog, who had been lying watching us during the whole conversation, seemingly understanding the whole, and as much interested as either of us. With a leap like a deer he sprang with his fore-paws upon the bed and saluted me with a joyful cry, as he saw I recognized and took notice of him, and then, in fond submission, commenced to lick my face and hands. He seemed almost crazy with delight, and George was obliged to drag him forcibly away from me, in order to keep him from smothering me, in his joy.

'Can you ever, will you forgive my hasty act of hateful passion?' said George, the tears streaming from his eyes afresh and falling upon my hand, which he had now imprisoned between his own; 'God knows I did not know what I was doing when I pulled the trigger of my rifle, and I have repented in bitterness of the act night and day, and prayed and cursed myself for this devil's work. Jim, I will watch you, stay near you, be your friend, any thing for you, if you will but say you forgive me.'

'I could not speak, the big tears of pity and affection for him who had always been my friend, were filling my eyes and wetting my pillow, and my feelings of remorse for the part I had enacted in this nearly fatal drama, were choking me, and the thoughts of all the kind and loving instances of friendship George had always shown me were exciting my brain and heart in such a manner that it was providential I did not relapse, nearly driven, as I was, raving mad again, and no word could I have spoken to soothe his anguish had his life been at stake. I tried to say, 'Yes, George, I do forgive you, indeed I do,' but the words stuck in my throat, and my only reply was a faint pressure of his hands, of which he easily interpreted the meaning. Just then the doctor entered the room, and to my enfeebled ideas at the time, rather rudely reproached George for so exciting me, as weak as I at the time was and just sane. This was the last time we ever spoke of the matter, by mutual agreement. Six months I lay, however, between life and death, George my only attendant, (for he would permit no one to wait upon me but himself, and I desired no better nurse,) always near me. Gradually my strength returned, and then he strove to entertain me by reading to me from my favorite authors, or else communicating to me the news, gathered purposely, of all the village. Slowly but surely I progressed toward health, and at last was permitted to leave my room. My first essay was by riding with George, who drove me with care and anxiety far over to the 'Eagle's-Nest.' We were better friends than ever, adversity had drawn a band around our hearts which no misfortune could sever; and at this late day George C — is the most esteemed and dearest, nearest, and most confidential friend your father possesses, as you well know. I learned from others part of what I have told you, (for he never spoke of his attention,) that George, as soon as his broken bone had been re-set, immediately commenced to nurse me, and had absolutely watched at my bed-side day and night, until my final recovery. I have often laughed and joked with him upon our many old tramps together, but we never have adverted, or even hinted, to the bear-hunt at the 'Eagle's-Nest,' or our unfortunate return. He begged me to give him Satan when I left M —, and

I could do no less than comply with his wish ; and long the old dog, for he is now dead, although but a short time since, lived with him, tracking the deer till they were all exterminated, and then degrading himself and canine family by hunting the timid rabbits from the woods and precipices. The 'Eagle's-Nest' is now a cleared farm, and the spot is sown yearly with wheat or other grain, in which we foolish boys disgraced our humanity and indicated our precocious sense of honor, by fighting our 'first duel.'

B.

T H E P A R T I N G .

BY SURREY KEENE.

THOUGH all the golden promise of a heart,
 Flushed with quick-budding joys, has fallen off
 In withered hopes, as sere as autumn-leaves :
 Though memory, like an ever-shifting cloud
 Floating before me, darkens all my life ;
 Shall I then coldly say, 'Joy cannot live
 Within this work-day world of toil and sin ?'
 Because my heart is dark, is there no sun ?
 — It beams upon me still : that summer night,
 A glittering moonlight on a sea of leaves,
 Beneath whose restless, rippling tide I stood
 And waited, till a light elastic tread,
 A silken rustle, and the languid thrill
 Stirring my heart, and creeping through my frame,
 Should tell me that my heart's beloved was near.
 A stately house, amid those sentinel trees,
 With windows opened wide, poured waves of light,
 That floated out upon the terrace-lawns,
 And died away upon the surging dark.
 A soft wind, fluttering on uncertain wings,
 Freighted with silvery-cadenced laughter, swept
 Through all the leafy alleys of the park ;
 Thrilling the aspens through their vibrant stems,
 And fainting on a sward all violet-sweet.
 But in my soul a mighty sorrow strove
 And struggled with an iron will, to vent
 Its pathos through expression, that my heart
 Might thus grow lighter of its weight of wo.
 For strange weird voices whispered in my ear :
 'Were it not better far to cast away
 This sin-stained, blighted thing that men call life ;
 Were it not rapture now to lay aside
 The weary weight that burdens heart and brain,
 And sink from anguished toil to rapturous rest ?
 What though within the cup of life some drops
 Are tintured honey-sweet — the bitter lees
 Are surely there — the gall must come at last.'

Then mocking echoes seemed to form themselves
Into articulate sounds, and cry, 'At last!'
O sad refrain! the burden of my grief,
This lovely, trysting hour, was the last.
Her parents willed it so, nor knew the while
She yielded sweet obedience, how sharp
A crown of thorns they pressed upon her brow.
At length she came, so silently, she seemed
A spirit standing in that pallid light;
With fair, pale face, unfathomable eyes,
Clouded by strange experiences of pain,
And small, sweet mouth, so resolute to endure,
That all the wild rebellion of my heart
Grew dumb with love before her as she stood.
But soon the anguish of those bitter words,
That sounded ever to my aching sense,
That deadly arrow, poisoned with 'the last,'
Killed my repose, and madly then I cried:
'Shall iron-handed Duty interpose
To snatch the treasure of our love away?
Oh! let us fly where speculating wills
And mammon-loving hearts shall have no power!
To some fair land that poesy has crowned
With an unfading chaplet of romance.
In opal hues of beauty, blissful days
Shall dawn in dewy morns of wakening joy,
And die in sunsets gorgeous as a dream.'
'Oh! not for me such visions,' soft she said;
'Better a sorrow rightly borne and quelled,
Than dearest joys plucked like forbidden fruit.
Oh! weave no more Arcadian dreams, but strive
To bend the will to meet the present need,
And conquer fate by nobly bearing all.'
Then from a rose-bush near she sadly plucked
A fair, half-opened bud, in whose warm heart
A dewy splendor glittered, and a flush
Of hovering crimson lingered, waiting time
To blush and deepen to the perfect rose.
And clasping hand and flower with frenzied clasp,
I felt the sting of thorns; and whispered low:
'A dreary doom is thine, O passionate heart!
The rose shall wither, but the thorns endure!'
'So let it be,' she said, 'that they may stir
Our slumbering souls from pleasure's rosy dream
To struggle and aspire — to strive to reach,
Though we may ne'er attain, those heights divine,
Whose radiant tops are bathed in heavenly light.'
And so she glided from me, and I stood,
A rushing dark around me, and a sound
Of low winds wailing through the shivering trees;
I saw the pale moon die behind a cloud,
And felt hope die within my desolate breast;
While the low noise of distant revelry,
Throbbing through all the pulses of the night,
Stirred in my aching heart an angry pain.

Springfield, (Ill.) 1856.

T H E W I N G E D T H I E F .

Not Mercury, but one as subtle, as crafty, as impossible to catch as the wily god himself. The especial patron of merchants and thieves must have sometimes felt even jealousy, if that ignoble passion creeps in among gods as among men, at the way he was once out-done by a certain winged thief, of whom more anon.

We have an event in Summerfield about once in twenty years. Some enthusiastic friends of that important town insist that the event comes once in a decade, but I think that is simply an imagination of the poetic mind. From the careful observation of a long life, assisted by a retentive memory, I think the event comes only in the twentieth instead of the tenth wave of Summerfield existence.

Now an 'event' is perhaps a very diffusive, unsatisfactory, and unmeaning term. To make it more plain, I will say that we mean a romantic occurrence, something beyond pigs and chickens, something greater than common marrying and given in marriage, (though, to the shame of mankind be it spoken, that is infrequent enough to almost become an event,) something more mysterious than the death of the oldest inhabitant; something more inexplicable, vast, and strange than the arrival of the lawyers who come to attend the courts held in Summerfield twice a year, and whose attentions to our ladies, whose conduct at our tea-parties, whose forensic efforts, as they are reported to us by our own legal lights, furnish us with an amount of high and literary communion and lofty meditation, which is almost beyond the power of words to define.

Were it not for the 'event,' I think we should talk almost wholly of our lawyers, and a few other distinguished visitors whom we have in the summer; but the event comes in to relieve the pressure, and every one's memory brings some new particular, until we have a long and always romantic history of the event, a little longer and more romantic than the last recital.

It is more than twenty years ago, that Summerfield was shaken to its foundation by an event which was an event indeed. None other than a basket at Mrs. Wilmot's door, and in that basket, not a turkey, as you will immediately suppose, and as *she* supposed, (for it was about Thanksgiving time,) but a rosy posy of a young lady, who had evidently not long since entered upon this troublous scene known as life, and who, in spite of many blankets and a warm brick carefully placed near her tender and well-covered feet, was evidently cold, and possibly hungry.

Mrs. Wilmot, excellent woman, took her in, warmed her and fed her, and wondered afterward. She was wise, for although she did not know it then, she was to have twenty years' time to wonder in, and twenty minutes consumed in that natural employment might at that moment have decided the young lady's temporal if not spiritual welfare.

The young lady having breakfasted and gone to sleep, Mrs. Wilmot permitted herself to indulge in a few not unnatural speculations.

First, *who* was she?

That, with the secret of the Iron Mask and Caspar Hauser, was not to be speedily revealed.

Secondly, how came she at Mrs. Wilmot's door ?

This was more easily answered. It was the palmy days of the stage-coach. Every one knew in Summerfield at what hour the stage-coach would arrive. Every one was on most friendly and intimate terms with that perfect gentleman and man of the world, the driver ; and every one's arrival was a duly-heralded and chronicled event. None of your impetuous and irresponsible trains of cars whisking through four times or fourteen times a day, carrying nobody knows how many governors and judges, and nobody a bit the wiser for it ; but a slow and dignified conveyance, stopping over night, and giving an opportunity to our community to see society as it travelled, and ask it to dinner next day if it chose. At any rate, to keep ourselves '*au courant*' with the world, and to know precisely how many times 'Squire Tompkins slaked his thirst with brandy-and-water, between Summerfield and Boston, and thus be able to look pityingly on Mrs. Tompkins as she came to temperance lecture, and whispered, 'Poor woman ! — how unconscious !'

Now, 'Squire Tompkins may or may not tipple on the road. I should like to know who is to ascertain on that noisy, confused, distracting railway !

But as I say, then matters were different, and through the stage-driver, and the landlord, and the hostler, and the chamber-maid at the hotel, it was ascertained that a lady and gentleman had come in the stage from Boston the day before and had brought with them a large covered basket, of which they took great care. That they had gone into a private room at the hotel at which the stage dined, taking the basket with them ; had dined by themselves, and had been generally exclusive. That no one suspected what the basket contained, because in that part of the world people carried children in their arms, and not in baskets. Until, seeing the basket at Mrs. Wilmot's, they all identified it.

The guilty father and mother, if indeed these were parents, had been gone seven or eight hours when this discovery was made. The last trace of them was at a large town beyond Summerfield, where they had taken a private conveyance and gone beyond all finding. News was not transmitted then with the rapidity of lightning as now. No rogue had any fear that a better traveller than a horse would arrive before him at his journey's end and tell his secret. So if he had a few hours start he was comparatively safe. So escaped the owners of the basket, and their little innocent victim was left to take her chance.

Providence smoothed the way for the deserted lamb. There sprung up in every heart a great growth of charity for the poor foundling, and she was sheltered as are few of even the fortunate and cared-for children of the house. Mrs. Wilmot was in the happy medium of well-to-do. She had two or three children now almost grown and off her hands, and a good husband, whose hand was open and whose heart was large. She took the little girl into her maternal arms, and refused to give her up. Heaven had sent her, she said, as surely as it had sent her own boy and girls, and she would receive it as a sacred gift. Every

one was glad to contribute a mite toward the little thing's comfort, and she became the child of the village.

Then, what should she be called? Romance, in the person of Mrs. Haines, demanded 'Basketina' as the only appropriate title. Piety suggested some such name as Faith, Providence, Grace, Hope; and one fell woman even suggested Resignation; but was clamorously put down, with the assurance that every one would call her Reesy: when Mrs. Wilmot, whose claim to be heard was certainly great, said with her usual sense, that she thought it would be unkind to call her any thing which would ever remind her of her cruel desertion, and she begged that she might be called simply Annie Wilmot.

So Annie Wilmot was she called, and every eye overflowed as she was carried into church to be baptized, and the godfathers and godmothers pledged themselves to remember how 'great was the vow, promise, and profession, which she here made by them;' and they did not need to hear read, although it filled every heart, the beautiful history of the little children who were to symbolize for ever to a Christian world, the 'kingdom of heaven;' but gladly each hearer resolved to follow that divine example, and take the little child and cherish it.

Annie Wilmot grew in beauty and sweetness all the days of her youth. Hers was one of the characters which diffuses around itself an atmosphere so pure and uncontaminated that no evil thing can grow in it. Envy, that weed so poisonous in all its developments, sprang not up near Annie. Anger could not exist in her serene atmosphere. Above all a sweet self-respect kept from her the disagreeable fungus *patronage*. In her defenceless position, a less well-balanced and lovely character might have suffered much from impertinent condescension; but Annie never, amiable, almost pliant as she was. She was courageous because irreproachable, and she gradually walked into life, taking her anomalous position, dating only from a basket, with as much modest dignity as if she wore a coronet on her fair brow, and were the daughter of a hundred earls.

If you did not know it before, know it now, O enlightened reader! that Summerfield was aristocratic, and Mrs. Wilmot was *not* in the upper circles! Know also, that the 'event' gave Mrs. Wilmot a push up the ladder of distinction, and she was permitted within the sacred precincts! It came about thus: Curiosity, which levels high mountains and fills lowly valleys, prompted Mrs. Pendleton to go and see the baby. Mrs. Pendleton went, was pleased, and returning called on Miss Letitia Dobbs, a full-blooded aristocrat, and Miss Letitia was interested only in aristocracy, in patch-work, in knitting, and in news. So she was prompted to go and see the baby and Mrs. Wilmot, 'principally,' as she afterward said, 'to see the child's socks, which she heard were of a singular pattern and a new stitch.' So from the socks, Miss Letitia proceeded to the little feet, and from the little feet began to admire the little face, and finally the woman overcoming aristocracy, and patch-work, and socks, she took the little thing in her arms, cried over it, and became its friend for ever.

Thus did the 'event' begin to do good, for it brought neighbors together, and it developed that germ of generosity which lives in every

heart, however it may be hidden and dwarfed by outward circumstances.

To the confusion, mortification, and disgust of all us who were old enough to remember her arrival in Summerfield, Annie concluded one day to get married. Heaven defend the foolish ! A child, an infant in a basket be married ! Then we looked in the glass, and saw that seventeen years had flown off with the natural curls which erst clustered around our brows, that the frisette reigned instead, that the cheek had fallen in, and the teeth were made by man. Time had gone by and we had not heard him. So with a sigh we gave up youth, and beauty, and Annie, and knew that we were no longer young.

Our young friend and townsman, Walter Harding, had pushed off from the dear old New-England homestead, and first to Boston, thence as supercargo to India, and finally to Australia, had concluded to pitch his tent in that golden land, and after getting well established had returned to claim his old school-fellow and friend for his wife, and Annie had consented, and was to sail for Australia the week after she married.

Annie had no reminiscence of her parents : no locket, no ring, no mysterious documents were found about the child. The clothes in which she was wrapped were of the most unmarked kind, evidently bought at an establishment where such things were made by hundreds ; they had no individuality to mark them. But she had one mysterious friend.

Sally Rice was the Meg Merrilies of Summerfield. She it was who waited upon the owners of the basket during their brief stay. She had acquired an importance from this fact in the village which we could hardly describe. She was presumed to have treasured up some memorial, some scrap of information, which would ultimately lead to the detection of Annie's real parents. We regarded her as holding the thread of Annie's destiny in her hand.

She was a strange, high-tempered, black-eyed woman, who had been married two or three times, and separating from one, and being released from a second by his death, had finally married an itinerant preacher, who proved even worse than all the others, which was saying a great deal, and Sally found him more difficult to shake off than the others, so at the time of Annie's marriage she was living miserably on the outskirts of the village, gaining a scanty living by doing odd jobs for the villagers, and looking and acting very much like a witch.

She had read some of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances when she was young, and had been gifted by nature with a tremendous imagination, so that her conversation was wild and curious to an astonishing degree. The mysterious couple of the basket had been described by her so often, and her imagination so powerfully excited over them, that every year the gentleman's eyes grew larger and fiercer, and the poor lady more pale and tearful ; their clothes were of a richer and more foreign fashion at every recital. But still we looked upon Sally's account with some respect, for she was the only eye-witness of the two, as they dined together at the little tavern previous to their flitting.

She had always manifested a great interest in Annie, but the sensible Mrs. Wilmot had not allowed much intercourse ; for Sally's wild style, and passionate declamation, though very attractive was not con-

sidered very proper by the sober New-England matron, for a model for her young charge ; so Annie had never been allowed much intercourse with her weird friend, but had occasionally ministered to her wants, and paid her a visit at her miserable little house.

One lovely Sunday evening, just before she was to leave us, she walked down to Sally's cottage to bid her farewell, and take her some little present. A grove of pines stretched out either side of the road, and the whip-poor-wills were singing bravely as she walked alone. Sally was sitting at her door enjoying the freshness of evening, decked out in her Sunday finery, which was a study of the picturesque. An old black satin gown, too short and scant, was pieced down with various-colored ribbons, and on her head was a cap of perfectly original construction, surmounted by a flaming red bow. Sally was Michael-Angelesque in her style, delighting in huge forms and strong contrasts. Her house, like herself, was fantastic and crazy enough for any witch.

She received Annie with much cordiality and some mystery. After a short conversation she enjoined profound secrecy upon Annie, and proceeded to untie an immense bundle. Rag after rag was unwound ; immense patch-work bed-quilts succeeded ; finally an old flannel bag was untied, and an antiquated pocket-book revealed itself. This Sally opened with reverential care, and taking from it a piece of yellow paper, handed it to Annie.

'There, my dear, is a leaf which I tore from a book your poor mother had in her bag when she was about to desert her offspring and leave it to the mercies of a merciless world.'

Sally paused to witness the effect of this grandiloquent sentence, but poor Annie was eagerly examining the paper.

It was the fly-leaf of a Bible, apparently, on which was written, in a woman's hand : '*Married*, at Boston, November first, 1826. *Recorded*, E. D., H. R.' Then, as if by an after-thought, was added : '*Rev. John Worthing.*'

'O Sally !' said Annie, 'why have you kept this so long ?'

'Because your old suspicious Mrs. Wilmot would never let me come near you, and I would n't give it to any one but you. Then I knew if I gave it up the poor lady might get caught, and I did n't want her to be found out ; but I meant to keep it till you had a husband and let him and you find out what you could. I tore it out while the poor lady was a crying, and her bad, wicked betrayer (that's your father) was a paying the bill.'

Annie did not attempt to correct Sally's morality. That I fear was past mending ; but she clasped the paper tightly and her eyes overflowed with the pent-up feeling of years. The poor, unknown, unhappy, guilty mother ! How grateful she was to read '*married*' in that feeble pencil-mark. She thought perhaps that one word had soothed and calmed her mother's heart as it did now her own. It might have been a late reparation, but it was something. It showed that her betrayer was not wholly lost ; that they both recognized and respected the laws which they had broken. Then the delightful hope of finding them !

At this moment a little bird from the wood flew in at the wide-

opened window of Sally's cottage. He beat his little wings against the walls, but finally found his way out at the door and flew gladly away.

Sally started up very much excited. 'That's a sign, Miss Annie, an omen. That bird is a sign; you'll find your parents; I know what it means; I have told fortunes before now that have come to pass. You'll find it by means of a bird, too.'

Annie found it growing late, and she had still a long walk home through the wood. She was very much excited and very anxious to see Walter, to tell him all that happened. She bade Sally farewell, and taking her precious paper, started for home.

How gladly did she perceive through the gathering twilight the figure of Walter advancing rapidly toward her! Impatient and alarmed at her long absence, he had come to find her. She immediately told him of her discovery. He did not seem to think it of much importance. He told her that they might find the record of the marriage, but that with such reasons for secrecy as the parties had shown themselves to possess, there could be little doubt that the names given to the Register were assumed ones. That they might possibly find the clergyman who married them, but he would not be apt to remember more than that they were two young people who came and went away again, and that he begged of her not to hope too strongly.

Still Walter looked long and fixedly at the paper, and adjured her not to lose it. He said over and over to himself: 'E. D.,' 'E. D.,' 'strange are the ways of Providence; yes, Annie, you *may* see your parents, or one of them.'

More than this he refused to say. Annie felt, although she scarcely knew why, a strange belief that Walter knew something more than he chose to tell on this mysterious subject; but he said nothing, and the week before them was too full of emotion, of leave-takings, and of packing trunks, for them to say any thing more.

It was a long and dreary time to us who loved her, before we heard from Annie. Then came long letters, describing the weary sea-voyage, then the glowing accounts of the beauty of the tropics, the flowers, the sun-sets, the gorgeous birds.

The strange society she found was also dwelt upon. She had gone to Port Philip, that strange place, filled with convict aristocracy. Men who had gone out as criminals, perhaps judges who had falsified their oaths; bankers who had disregarded their trusts; and too often younger sons of noble families who had written a name once too often. Here, having expiated their crimes, they had won back fortune and some amount of self-respect, and with talent and education, and gentlemanly habits, they began a new life. Here, too, were the adventurers of all nations. It is a great, a curious, an instructive spectacle, this new sphere which heaven opens to the unfortunate, the 'crowded-out' of the more populous countries, placing gold, as it were, a magnet, far away from crowded centres to draw men to the antipodes.

Annie met with much kindness. Walter had a business connection with one of the wealthy men of the country, a Mr. Montgomery, who invited them often to his country-place, situated some miles from Port

Philip, 'in the bush.' Here during the day Annie would often stay quite alone, excepting the servants, while the gentlemen went to town. It was a never-ending amusement to her to go into the woods to see the new and wonderful flowers, to watch the curious birds. One day while occupied in this pastime, she saw a beautiful black bird walking leisurely down an alley of the forest with a bright red ribbon in his beak. To her great astonishment she recognized the ribbon as one of her own, and remembered that she had left it on her dressing-table near the window. Presuming that this strange bird was one of the raven tribe, and that he might, like them, be a 'winged thief,' she followed him as he marched majestically and fearlessly along with his scarlet trophy. What was her astonishment and delight when she saw him enter an arched walk, built with architectural nicety of twigs and sticks, ornamented with flowers, feathers, shells, bits of glass, and bright and various-colored rags! Three miles from civilization was a curious and calculated pleasure-house. Two or three birds like her guide were walking up and down arranging here a rag and there a feather, giving a more gallant and gay appearance to the whole place, while our friend of the red ribbon walked to the centre of the arch and adroitly fastened his trophy to the roof.

Nowise disturbed by her presence, Annie watched these feathered upholsterers as they adorned their play-house. She then remembered that they were probably the 'Satin bower-bird' * of which Mr. Montgomery had spoken, and of which she had read in some book on Australian birds. For a long time she watched this fairy bower. Bits of paper, bright plumage of other birds adorned this saracenic arch. She recognized many things which she knew must have come from Mr. Montgomery's place, shells from the garden-walks and fragments of chintz from the servants' clothes; above all she laughed as she recognized her own red ribbon brought three quarters round the globe to minister to the pleasure of a bird!

Suddenly a whimsical idea struck her; how much, after all, this place looked like Sally's cottage; how much the prinking birds inside, with their black satin gowns and love of finery, resembled Sally as she sat at her door on that last evening! Sally was always tying up her bed-curtain, a shabby rag, with bright-colored ribbons, and adorning her broken looking-glass with flowers. The idea first making her laugh, finally made her sorrowful, and she walked slowly home, thinking of her distant home, her undiscovered parents. It had been as Walter suggested, the record contained no 'E. D.,' 'H. K.,' and the Rev. John Worthing was dead. So she had left New-England with no further trace of her parents than that bit of yellow paper.

On reaching her room she opened her pocket-book and looked at her precious paper. It induced a long and melancholy fit of musing, which was broken by a disturbance in the lower part of the house, and the announcement that Mr. Montgomery had been brought home very ill.

To rush to his side, to suggest, to execute promptly all that could be done, was her womanly instinct. He was suffering from '*coup de*

* *Ptilonorhynchus Holosericens.*

soleil,’ that not uncommon affection under the tropical sun. Annie and the servants worked vigorously and well to restore him. Mustard-plasters applied to the hands and feet, cold water poured over the head finally restored animation. When Walter came home at evening he found his host conscious, but very weak and wandering.

Mr. Montgomery was an elderly man, reserved and sorrowful. Like many of his neighbors, he never referred to the past, and Walter, content with the fact that he was a man of excellent standing now, asked no questions. His kindness to him and his wife had been very great, and they watched by his bed-side with genuine interest and affection.

Mr. Montgomery was on his death-bed. His physician, after some powerful applications had failed, told him that he must settle his worldly affairs and prepare for another stage of existence.

Annie and Walter were by his side when this announcement was made. Mr. Montgomery looked from one to the other with evident uneasiness. Walter came to his assistance, and spoke to Annie: ‘My dear, our friend here may possibly wish to tell you something of your parents. It is a subject he does not like to speak of, but he knows something of them: go and get your mysterious paper.’

Annie left the room trembling and tearful. She went for the paper, and it was gone!

For a moment the room swam about her. There was the pocket-book and its usual contents, but that which she most prized was not there.

She endeavored to recall her scattered faculties, and remembered that the morning Mr. Montgomery was taken ill she had left her pocket-book on the dressing table, and the papers lying about; that she had come up at evening after he was better and had put them into their places without looking them over. There was no doubt the precious paper was gone, whither she could not guess.

A loud call outside the window attracted her attention. The note of a bird, loud, clear, sonorous, like the blast of a trumpet. On the branch of an eucalyptus, scattering the golden dust of its splendid flower, stood a ‘satin bower-bird,’ uttering his liquid and powerful note.

A thrill of delight ran through Annie’s frame. Possibly the ‘winged thief’ was before her. She was certain she could find the nest; but, after all, there were thousands of bower-birds and many nests. The chances were very small, but she would try.

At this moment Walter came into the room. Mr. Montgomery was failing rapidly, and they were waiting impatiently for her return. She told him of her loss, of her suspicions. He thought the probability of finding the paper very slight, but her conviction was so strong that she determined to pursue it.

Shall we confess it? Annie was slightly superstitious, and the memory of Sally’s prophecy, and the bird coincidence struck her as so marvellous that she started for the nest with perfect reliance.

The birds were very busy, very shy, and very desirous to get rid of her. They flew, screeched, hopped, shook the blossoms of the eucalyptus, but all to no purpose. Annie resolutely approached the bower; she saw at the end of the arch a heap of paper, the only thing which pro-

mised success. There was but one thing to do, and that was to crawl in on her hands and knees. In spite of bower-birds and all other terrors she went bravely in and found amid the rubbish her precious relic uninjured.

When she arrived home Walter was waiting for her with a sad face. Mr. Montgomery was again insensible, and they feared might never revive.

Walter then told her that on his arrival in Australia Mr. Montgomery had ascertained that he came from Summerfield, and had finally, after he had known him some time, asked if he knew aught of a foundling child, who had been left there many years before. That on learning that he did, he told him that he had known the father, whose name was Edward Durant, and that he had left to him the charge, if possible, to find out something about her. But he charged Walter to keep it a profound secret, and when he found that Walter was affianced to the very girl who had been so abandoned, he charged him especially not to reveal to her what he had told him.

Mr. Montgomery insinuated that Mr. Durant still lived, but on that point had not certainly informed Walter, who had taken the name, and who was impressed with the mysterious Providence which brought to Annie the initials 'E. D.'

Mr. Montgomery revived and asked for Annie. She gave him the paper and told him of its abstraction and subsequent concealment by Sally. He was powerfully affected.

'Yes, yes, it is Helen's hand-writing, it is true; would that she had lived longer to witness her husband's penitence! Doctor, can I live long?'

'No, my dear sir, you will hardly survive the night.'

'Then come to my arms, my daughter! Let me embrace you, you whom I have long known as such, whom but for this paper I should never have acknowledged, save by my will; but the sight of your dead mother's hand-writing has touched a chord, which long ago, I thought, ceased to vibrate. I have not strength to tell you my story, nor could I tell you all the misery of a misguided life. It is written out and lies in yonder desk. There you will learn all that you wish of your ancestry. There is your mother's picture. Heaven, too kind to a wretch like me, has vouchsafed me a knowledge of you, whom I deserted; happily married, and now the heiress of all I leave behind me.'

In a few hours Annie closed the eyes of her so lately-found father. The desk revealed to her a history full of incident, of sorrow, and of life-long remorse. We all know the story in Summerfield, and some fine day mean to copy it off for the KNICKERBOCKER.

ANNIE and Walter came home from Australia just twenty years after the basket was left at Mrs. Wilmot's door, bringing a handsome fortune and this story of the bower-bird and Mr. Montgomery. So do you not agree with me that we have an 'event' once, at least, in twenty years?

L I N E S

BY CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

'OLD WOOD, OLD BOOKS, OLD FRIENDS, OLD WINE.'

I.

OLD wood, that has stood 'mid the tempests rude,
 Whose fibres the years have woven;
 Brought by sturdy arm from some ancient farm,
 And in faggots deftly cloven:
 In the forest dim each stalwart limb
 On the tough old tree has thickened;
 And now, by its heat, won from wind and sleet,
 My shivering frame is quickened.
 At this gladsome hearth, I can guess the worth
 Of the blasts it has grimly weathered,
 As with crackle and roar it yields the store
 Of warmth it has slowly gathered:
 While the embers glow, my fancies go,
 By the cheering flame up-kindled:
 Now, with sudden leap the dogs I heap;*
 In my musing the blaze had dwindled.

II.

Old books from their nooks, with searching looks,
 I bear to the lighted table;
 As I gaze within, I try to win
 The fact in their cunning fable.
 Now the worlds of old their lore unfold,
 As converse I hold with the ages;
 And I hoard their dowers through the waxing hours,
 While scanning the painted pages.
 Then the Christian seers of the middle years,
 When the Church had might and glory,
 Wield weapons dense, in the Faith's defence,
 Or chant some martyr's story.
 Oh! the earnest word is for ever heard,
 From the open page that speaketh;
 And the souls of men sound it back again,
 And in deathless echoes it breaketh.

III.

Old friends HEAVEN sends, and my study ends;
 Right joyous is our greeting;
 In gay discourse we prove the force
 Of the love in our bosoms beating:
 Now the merry shout rings cheerly out,
 As the lively jest is started;
 Now wells the tear as we sadly hear
 Of some kind soul departed.
 In an alien land, still a friendly hand
 To his last dark slumber laid him;

* ——— 'LIGNA super foco
 Large reponens.'—HOR. Lib. I., Carmen IX.

And the honors due to a heart so true,
 In prayerful sorrow paid him.
 Oh! friendship pure will aye endure,
 When this masque below is ended,
 And in union dear in a better sphere,
 We meet with the dead ascended.

IV.

Old wine, divine, born of Gallia's vine,
 From its cellared covert bringing,
 We quaff its wealth of mirth and heath,
 As its genial beams 't is flinging.
 Now we tread the realm where falls the film
 That dulls this mortal vision,
 And our mounting dreams are bright with gleams
 From the blissful fields Elysian.
 While beats the storm our souls grow warm,
 Our spirits its shrieks embolden;
 And the song we raise in the glad God's praise,
 Who brought us this blessing golden.
 PROMETHEUS gave flame, but till BACCHUS came,
 Men knew not the truth of feeling,
 The swift-winged thought and the wisdom caught
 From the ruddy bowl's revealing.

PISCATORY REFLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

BY J. G. B., OF TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

'GRIM reader, did you ever see a ghost?' — DON JUAN, CANTO XV.

ALONG with this simple inquiry, the bard of Newstead Abbey conveys a world of meaning not visible to those who run. Aside from its obvious signification, it admits as many and variant shades of interpretation as there are words composing it. GHOST! did you ever see a *ghost*! either a 'spirit of health or goblin damned, 'wicked or charitable,' of any variety or complexion, in the 'glimpses of the moon,' or in the 'pitchy night,' near charnel-house or church, perfumed of redolency or offensive of sulphureous odors, man or beast, or 'questionable shape,' a disembodied spirit, once hearsed in death? Not 'did you ever see *the* ghost?' the common property of the neighborhood, the ghastly fixture of any spot or locality, seen by every body and to the manor born, as it were; but *a* ghost, *any* ghost, in common or in severalty, the village spectre, or your own private apparition, haunting you and appearing not to others? Then, exhibiting another meaning, 'did you ever *SEE* a ghost?' not hear, or smell, or feel or taste; neither 'syllabing men's names,' or echoing musical notes; neither sweet-scented as from a 'bank of violets,' nor sulphureous, as suggestive of

inflammatory regions ; neither ponderous, as remindful of Lambeth nor imponderable as ether ; neither escharotic nor esculent, hemlock nor nectar ; but that which appalleth more, *seeing*, beholding with the bodily eyes ? And then again, changing emphasis ‘GRIM reader ! did *you* ever see a ghost ?’ not good, or gentle, or youthful reader, attractive of blessed and healthful spirits, bringing ‘airs from heaven,’ solicitous for man’s happiness ; but grim, sullen, hideous, ghastly, grisly reader, drawing ‘goblins damned’ ‘with blasts from hell,’ prompting, as Sir Thomas Browne saith, and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy. And such a phantom — a phantom verily such as grim readers only see — the inquiry impliedly admits, had appeared unto the querist. The author of *Don Juan* had been troubled with a ghost, and whose ghost was it ? Be ours the task to solve the mystery and give the apparition ‘local habitation and a name.’

It is our confident belief that the world is indebted for the startling interrogatory above quoted, put, as it is, with uncommon nervousness, abruptness, and directness, to the emotions, thrilling the heart and quickening the pulse of the noble poet, caused by the indignant apparition of venerable Isaac Walton, disturbed in its blissful repose, by the fiendish outburst in the Thirteenth Canto of that ‘*Odyssey of immorality*,’ which runneth

‘AND angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever ISAAC WALTON says or sings,
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it !’

In a ghostly way, and according to the ancient customs of spirit-land, there cannot be a reasonable doubt, that the ‘quaint, old, cruel coxcomb,’ made the poet to see sights and smell brimstone. And richly deserved, too, was the unearthly visitation, the last and fearful resort of outraged spectres ! Nor would it have been a lick amiss, had the shade of the venerable Piscator dropped in, *sans ceremonie*, during his mid-night wanderings, on another poet of the same kidney, one Wordsworth, who manifestly was striking at the gentle practices of preparing live bait for use, when he utters, after his abstract, metaphysical fashion, the following admonition :

‘NEVER to bend our pleasures or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.’

The easy chair at Rydal Mount, imparadised amid lakes and mountains, never gave forth any thing more reeking with pseudo-sentimentality and lackadaisical affectation of tenderness, or more subversive of field sports in general, the luxuries and amusements of life, and advancement in science and civilization. Luckily, however, the need for such a visit to last-mentioned sublimated sentimentalist was, to some extent, removed by the useful ministrations of a couple of caricaturists, who, concocting the Rejected Addresses, prepared a healing draught for him and all other persons afflicted with an insurmountable tenderness for flies, grass-hoppers, and other live bait, warranted to cure squeamishness and reinstate the most disordered nerves, in these *dicta* :

‘—— WHEN I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, or a magpie on a worm,

Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed I am very, very sick!!'

Quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, quotha ! Would that Brougham or Gifford, or whoever wrote the famous review that administered such a warming flagellation to the nether parts of his lordship's youthful fancy, had not so burnt his fingers in the operation, as to have precluded him from undertaking to bestow a little more of the same sort on the more matured genius who shocks our nerves with these opprobrious and unseemly epithets ! Epithets used toward one of the purest, most simple-minded, benevolent, and unworldly of God's creatures, gentle, loving, venerable Isaac Walton ! the author of a work, himself transferred to paper, which posterity, summing up its merits, pronounces to be a 'rich store-house of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolical purity and benevolence.'

And to stigmatize as a solitary vice, 'that recreation of recreations,' that calling in which four out of the twelve Apostles, were engaged, and whom for their employment our SAVIOUR never reprov'd, as He did the scribes and money-changers ; that life which the genial old Izaak, illustrating and defending, hath so truthfully and tastefully portrayed in these glowing words : 'No life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us.' Indeed, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries : 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, (if I may judge,) God did never make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

How sad it is to think that, in these our modern days, a man's fondness for this genial pastime should be made to expose him to pain, mortification, and torture, through the instrumentality of unsympathizing and mischief-loving companions ! God help thee, Ned Gladman, thou hast much to answer for ! If the ghastly spectre of thy early friend, Job Heartwell, haunt thee not, in the stillness of night, while thou art courting slumber to relax, refresh, and unbend thee from the harassments which the stern duties of the legal profession impose upon thee, it will be because thy spirit, sooner than his, hast winged its flight to the realms of immortality !

Job Heartwell — pure, honest, simple-hearted Job ! — just arrived at man's estate, was a fisherman after old Izaak Walton's own heart, if indeed he was not 'bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh ;' meditative and mild, though not destitute of enthusiasm ; unsuspecting and without guile ; straight-forward and common-place in his modes of thought and action, in his daily intercourse with the work-day world he never showed the latent poetry within him, save when, pitching aside the entertaining pages of Coke and Chitty, with which he was delving, with a view to future sustenance and distinction, he betook himself armed with 'reel and rod,' to the neighboring banks of the Black War-

rior river, and there, away from the noises and sultriness of the *quasi*-city of Tuskaloosa, surrendered himself to the full enjoyment of his favorite pastime. Then it was his 'sable cloud turned forth her silver lining ;' then the man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, and to walk with his head in the clouds. Then, regardless of shower or sunshine, mud or water, armor-proof against fatigue or hunger, 'through brake and through briar,' reckless of scratched face or torn garments, whether successful or untrophied of fish, he would apply himself to the work before him with a zeal and enthusiasm scarcely expected in one of his usually calm and sedate bearing ; rapt in this 'Cyntha *not* of a minute,' abstracted from every thing else, whole days slipped by unconsciously, and it was only as the shades of evening began to descend, that he would perhaps recall an engagement to pay a visit after tea, in company with his fellow-student and co-delver in the mazy mysteries of the law, Ned Gladman, to the Misses Mary and Eugenie Wycherley, daughters of the distinguished jurist who had undertaken the arduous task of superintending the progress of the embryo Mansfields in their legal studies.

In an essentially different mould Ned Gladman was cast ; frank, light-headed, and frolicsome, care, that troubles all the world, was left out in his composition ; social and communicative in his feelings, boisterous beyond gayety in his temperament, mischievous and fun-loving in his disposition, keen relish for a practical joke, always ready to bear a hand in carrying one out, not unskilful in originating them, and little recking whether it was friend or foe he 'put through the mill.' Averse to the quiet amusement of angling, on principle as well as by disposition, he nevertheless not unfrequently accompanied his friend Job, in his piscatory excursions, to watch the motions of 'the animal,' and peradventure play off a joke upon him ; and returning, laden with a rich discovery, the groundwork for a brilliant story, which he poured into the willing ears of the accomplished young ladies above mentioned, who, while they seemed to entertain an exalted opinion of the general intelligence, strict morality, and gentlemanly deportment, and in their presence, reverential bearing — of Job, were far from being loath to join in a laugh at his expense, through the intervention of the ready-witted Ned, whose powers of humorous description added much to the drollery of the incident related. Though neither of these young men were that contemptible object, dangles after women, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, they were nevertheless constant visitors in the family circle of Judge Wycherly's household, where they were welcomed by the young ladies, in consequence of paternal directions possibly, on a footing of greater intimacy than other acquaintance.

Mary and Eugenie Wycherley were two as noble specimens of womanhood as ever Southern sun shone upon ; and yet how like and how unlike in appearance, manners, and temperament.

Mary, high-souled and imperious, thoughtful, and with a shade, just a shade of romance in her character ; tall, queen-like and commanding, with more of majesty than winning grace in her movements ; light auburn hair, not given to curls, full blue eyes, brilliant complexion, a mouth inclining a trifle too much to irony to render its ex-

pression entirely sweet, and a neck that Praxiteles would have admired, supporting a well, evenly-shaped head, on a magnificent pair of shoulders. Conquering and subduing by the fascination of her person, and the sparkling brilliancy of her conversation, she made very thralls of the beaux in her neighborhood, not among the least abject of which was the gay, rollicking, mischief-loving Ned Gladman of that ilk.

While Eugenie, smaller and more sylph-like, with black eyes and brunette complexion, raven-tresses disporting in wild curls on a neck of alabaster whiteness, her face, 'so lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,' hilarious but not provoking in disposition, working on hearts by a spell not seen until it enchained, less brilliant but more touching, less witty but more humorous, less striking at first sight than her sister, she left an impression perhaps more pleasant to recal and more enduring : in fact, once beheld and conversed with, she 'became a part of sight,'

'And morning star of memory.'

Such as Eugenie was, she had made considerable impression — and strange that it was so, too — on the quiet, shy, and reflective Job ; at least, a female conger — these female congers are searching souls — made that unsuspecting individual acknowledge to a partiality and kind feeling for her, which, by a species of feminine ratiocination, was quickly interpreted to mean a downright *tendre* ; though to say sooth, and never to go any further, reader, Job, one night, with brain slightly muddled by potations, in reply to inquiries propounded by boon companions, having for their object to draw him out on the point of his preferences between the sisters, actually sung with maudlin emphasis and amid rapturous applause, the famous song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either* !

One evening, somewhere about the 'heart of June,' many years lang syne, as the hour for departure arrived which was to terminate the pleasantest of the many pleasant evenings passed in gay converse by Messrs. Hartwell and Gladman, in company with the fair daughters of Judge Wycherley, at that distinguished gentleman's residence, Mr. Job Heartwell, intending it as a signal mark of his good-will and desire to please, invited the company to participate in a piscatory excursion the next day, near the beautiful 'Island,' in the river. After the various insurmountable objections usually put forth by ladies on such occasions, particularly where they have set their dear hearts upon going, had been promptly met and removed, as that it was but a short distance and so it made no difference if Madame W. should want the carriage to make calls with ; that if it should come on to rain, there was a comfortable hut on the bank of the river, hard by the island, in which secure shelter might be had from the peltings of the most pitiless of storms, and so forth ; all these points being satisfactorily settled, and preliminaries discussed and arranged, it was agreed that the frolic, as Eugenie and Ned undignifiedly insisted on calling it, should take place on the ensuing morning, after an early breakfast. Bidding adieu to the ladies and wishing them 'rosy dreams and slumbers light,' the friends bent their steps homeward and were soon locked in the embrace of

sleep. Poor Job, in his dreams that night proved no exception to the general truth embraced by Dryden in the apt couplet :

‘AND many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e’er can be.’

For he consumed the greater part of that night in drawing from the river fish of the most anomalous character, of every known and unknown variety, every species of animal common to the travelling menageries, with a rod whose very size and weight almost crushed him, until at length, hanging a mermaid and drawing her all dripping to the shore, he found, as he was thrusting the hook from her mouth, that it was the charming Eugenie Wycherley, whose head he was pressing to the earth while performing that rough operation ! Awakening with a start of horror, he enjoyed no more that night ‘the honey-heavy dew of slumber.’

Morning came and with it every indication of an unpropitious day. Sultry, cloudy, and muttering thunder and wind from the rain quarter ; a postponement of the excursion was inevitable ; our piscator and friend called upon the ladies, and after indulging in strains of most withering invective against the weather, suggested a postponement to a future day, when, wind and weather permitting, they might carry out their angling intentions. The suggestion being concurred in, our disappointed fisherman announced, as he was retiring from the ladies’ presence, in a reckless spirit of bravado, that individually he was not to be deterred by any such obstacles, and begged the ladies to accept from him a string of perch, trout, *et cetera*, to be delivered that afternoon. Laughingly thanking him for his proffered gift, Eugenie, scarcely supposing such a thing probable, remarked to him that if the weather became less threatening during the day, he need not be surprised, provided they could get the services of Mr. Gladman as an escort, to have the trio come upon him in the midst of his sport.

Our enterprising fisherman retired, in high heart, to the scene of his labors, while Ned Gladman betook himself towards his quarters, ostensibly to study, but in reality to procure the services of a couple of young men, imps of mischief, to assist him in the execution of a plot, hatched out in his prolific brain, the moment Eugenie expressed the probability, in the event the day became more propitious, that herself and sister, accompanied by him, might interrupt the fisherman at his pastime.

Heartwell had reached the hut opposite the island when the rain began to descend with great violence : nothing daunted, he proceeded, after arranging his fishing-tackle, to divest himself of his garments — an old custom of his in similar situations — and stowing them securely away in the shanty, waded at a shallow point to the island and began, *in puris naturalibus*, the day’s labors.

Wholly absorbed in his delightful occupation and entirely unaware of the flight of time or change in the weather, our enthusiastic devotee was succeeding in his sport beyond expectation, when startled into consciousness by a merry laugh on the shore, he perceived for the first time that the clouds had vanished from the heavens and the sun was pouring down his rays in unobscured brilliancy. Following with his

eyes the direction of the sound that had fallen upon his ear, he beheld a scene that thrilled his very soul with horror and paralyzed his muscles for an instant beyond the power of motion. Mary and Eugenie Wycherley, with Ned Gladman at their side, not fifty yards away, with angling-rods in hand, seemingly engaged in fishing! What must have been the horrifying and appalling sentiments and emotions of a man like Job, imbued with the profoundest reverence for the sex in general, to be detected by the paragons of that sex in his primitive plight, can be better imagined than described. The angle dropped from his trembling hand, as, with a whispered prayer that he had not been observed, he sunk to the earth and commenced noiselessly rolling over and over in the hot sand, away from the water's edge, and fortunately for him, in the direction of a large log, the only ambush in that part of the island, behind which concealment might be had, where at full length he lay, shivering with apprehension, notwithstanding the scorching rays of a vertical sun were blistering his skin, and murmuring little fragments of religious songs. Ends of deliverance-hymns, not remembered since childhood, but coming to mind now in the hour of adversity, were repeated with a fervor and pathos not surpassed by charm-believing devotee in the days of old superstition, when scraps of poetry were used to avert misfortune and drive away unclean spirits. For two dreadful hours, enduring mental torture of the most agonizing description, to say nothing of the physical suffering occasioned by the burning sand and the blistering sun's rays, he lay concealed (he fondly hoped) behind the log — the longest and most painful hours he had ever consumed in life — never raising his head above his ambush, for fear of recognition, and sometimes imagining the enormous trunk behind which he was ensconced to be diminished to the size of a mere sapling, but which really hid his person entirely from the sight of the party on the shore. At length, pondering the matter over as well as his half-distracted faculties would permit, he drew some slight solace in his misery from the faint hope that possibly he had not been observed. Scarcely had this slender consolation taken root in his mind ere he was plunged into a misfortune that for ever dispelled all illusions of that character. He beheld a huge snake of the water-moccasin species — a reptile he feared and detested above all others — emerging from his native element, and directing his course, in slow and serpentine windings, toward the log, evidently with a view of sunning himself thereon, a juxtaposition frightful to contemplate, aside from the necessity, which it implied, of crawling over his body. Nearer and nearer it came, shortening at each successive serpentine convolution the distance between it and the now clammy-cold body of the suffering Job, until *Job's patience* could endure it no longer. Springing to his feet and uttering a cry of horror, he cleared at a bound the intervening space to the water's edge, and plunged headlong into the protecting waves of the river, not heeding the spectacle he presented, until feeling himself safe from the poisonous fangs of the reptile and cooled into a degree of semi-consciousness by the genial water, as he mechanically parted it in swimming; then observing the young ladies, escaping as if in affright in a homeward direction, the catastrophe burst upon him in all its frightfulness, remov-

ing the last vestige of the faint hope that had given him a morsel of comfort in the painful and deeply-mortifying situation in which he had innocently been placed.

Attaining the shore without much effort — for it is very probable, had it required much effort, this veracious history would have here ended — and hastily donning his apparel, he trudged heavily homeward, laden down with feelings of gloom and mortification, not relieved by a single ray of deliverance presenting itself to his confused and wandering faculties.

Quickly seeking out his friend Gladman, he unreservedly poured the tale of his sorrows into that gentleman's bosom, who, sympathizing in his distresses, kindly advised the sufferer to call, without delay, upon Judge Wycherley at his office, and make a clean breast of the whole disaster, accompanied by such apology as the occasion required.

The old Judge was seated in his easy office-chair, deep in the mazes of a knotty legal investigation, when Job, without announcement, countenance expressing blended humility, penitence, and remorse, and without accepting the proffered chair, entered and, unregardful of the common salutation, began, hurriedly and almost incoherently, to utter the words :

'Judge Wycherley, I have called this morning — evening, I should have said, to see you this morning — evening it is — I have called and ——'

'I insist on your being seated,' interrupted the Judge, wholly at a loss to account for the stammering and blundering introduction, and amazed at the wo-begone countenance of his pupil. 'Compose yourself. What is the matter?'

'I called,' confusedly continued the perturbed Job, 'Miss Wycherley — that is, Miss Mary — Miss Eugenie — did not go a-fishing — rain — Gladman ——'

'Pray quiet yourself, my dear young friend,' soothingly persuaded the Judge; 'your mind seems to be wandering; take time; collect your thoughts; I trust nothing unpleasant has befallen you.'

'O Judge!' hesitatingly and unintelligibly proceeded the painfully agitated Job, 'I never was so unhappy — Miss Eugenie — Miss Mary — never dreamed of it — Gladman never told me — the snake was as large as your body — and ——'

'Mr. Heartwell,' again interrupted the Judge, in vain striving to solve the mystery, 'what is the meaning of all this nonsense? Rain — Gladman — snake — my daughters — fishing. I am unable to understand you; you had better retire to your room and compose yourself; you will never make yourself understood at this rate.'

'O Sir!' imploringly begged the sufferer, 'will you grant me your pardon; I would lay down my life before I would insult you or your family.'

'This passes all comprehension,' said the Judge, more puzzled and annoyed than ever; 'I am not aware that you have offered insult to myself, nor do I believe you capable of insulting any member of my family. If you ever had any such intention, I freely forgive you ;

doubtless my daughters will do likewise : when you become more calm and collected you had better see them yourself.'

'Thank you, from my heart I thank you, Sir,' overflowing with gratitude, Job replied ; 'you do me but justice ; nothing was further from my intention. Have I your permission to see the ladies and make them my most heart-felt apology in person ?'

'Certainly, my dear young friend,' responded the old lawyer ; 'but would it not be well to wait until to-morrow, when ——'

The conclusion of this sentence was lost on Job, who bolted from the office, and darted along, the street with a rapid step until he arrived at the gate of the inclosure around the family mansion of the old lawyer ; here pausing he seemed buried in reflection.

Before the Judge returned to his seat from the door, whence he had followed Heartwell as he made his precipitate retreat, Mr. Gladman hove accidentally in sight, to whom the Judge made a signal that he desired to speak with him.

'Mr. Gladman,' said the lawyer, as that young gentleman came within ear-shot, 'have you seen Mr. Heartwell this afternoon ? Can you give any explanation of his perturbation of mind ? He has been asking my pardon for some imaginary insult, and has now gone for the same purpose to my daughters. Heretofore he has ever seemed to me to be a young man of sober habits and exemplary behavior.'

'Yes, Sir,' said the innocent-looking individual addressed, 'I always so regarded him too, and his present insanity is a problem. He went a-fishing this morning and returned some half-an-hour ago, and commenced telling me something about a snake he saw, mingling his narration with asseverations of his innocence of intention to insult Miss Mary or Miss Eugenie. Feeling alarmed lest some accident had happened to the young ladies, I came this way to inquire.'

'No accident that I am aware of,' thoughtfully pursued the Judge. 'I left home scarce a half-hour ago, my family were all well then. Will you have the kindness to step up to my residence and ascertain what all this excitement means ? Surely Heartwell is too strong-minded to lose his senses at the sight of a snake !'

As Gladman approached the residence of Judge Wycherley he caught a glimpse of Job as he entered the door, and without stopping passed on.

The pause at the gate enabled Job partially to recover his self-possession. Perplexing embarrassment as to the manner of wording his apology to the ladies, was the cause of his detention there. His high-strung feelings of delicacy and reverential regard for the female character alike forbade him, he conceived, to use that directness and pointedness on the present occasion, in which his frank nature was wont to express itself. Unaccustomed to ornateness in appparelling his ideas, and, least of all, to circumlocution, he was sorely troubled and harassed, in addition to his many other causes for chagrin and mortification, as to the manner in which, with the least offence to modesty and strict decorum, he could accomplish his purpose. Having conned over in his mind the beginning of his speech, he entered the dwelling, trusting to the inspiration of the moment or some lucky turn in the chapter of accidents, to wind it up gracefully.

'Ladies,' said he, bowing humbly and reverentially as he spoke, to the Misses Wycherley, who were evidently unprepared for the solemn tone of his salutation and the still more gloomy expression of his countenance; 'Ladies, circumstances sometimes occur, originating in misunderstandings, to which any thing more than a mere allusion would be the grossest indelicacy, leading to consequences alike mortifying and unexpected. Such is the very painful situation in which I have the misfortune to find myself placed at present, in regard to two young ladies, whose good opinion I value above all earthly treasure, and to whom my heart is as incapable of offering rudeness or insult as — as — as —'

At this interesting point his mind ceased to work, his eyes became riveted on the carpet, and blushing with shame, stammering, he ceased to speak, presenting as he stood, a perfect picture of distress. Astounded beyond measure, and wholly ignorant of his drift or meaning, Mary and Eugenie would have been disposed, but for the sad traces of suffering depicted in his face, to give way to the risible emotions rising in their bosoms. So incomprehensible was his exordium, that it was only after several moments had elapsed, that either of the ladies could find words to come to his relief. And then, innocently misconceiving his meaning as Eugenie did, and thinking it was barely possible he might be alluding to their expected disappointment in not receiving the string of perch and trout he had so vauntingly promised in the morning, she ventured to say :

'Oh! do not trouble yourself a moment about your bad luck, Mr. Heartwell,' and then archly but innocently continued, 'you know accidents will happen in the best of families, and why not to the best of fishermen?'

'Yes, Miss Eugenie,' resumed Job, in an impassioned manner, catching the word but wholly misapplying the allusion. 'On my honor as a gentleman, it was an accident; I never dreamed of the consequences; it was raining, and being in the hut, it was wholly impossible for me to go to the island without — with — pardon me! pardon me! The snake was very near me or I should not have —'

'O Mr. Heartwell,' nervously exclaimed Mary, 'do not talk about snakes; I am sure if I had seen a snake and had been near the river, I should have jumped in, would n't you?'

'Have mercy on me!' fervently petitioned Job, still wide of the mark, 'that's just what I did, or I should never have been guilty of — of —'

'Upon my word, Mr. Hartwell,' exclaimed Eugenie, 'you make very serious of a very trivial affair; pity that some stalwart damsel like myself had not been at hand when you took the plunge, to have lent you succor in your dire extremity! How romantic it would have been! Won't you, that's a kind, good soul, take another dive, some pleasant evening, for our especial delectation?'

Putting a construction upon this playful and innocent speech, in accordance with the train of thought with which he came burthened — a construction utterly unwarranted — poor Job gave the finishing-stroke to his own perfect bewilderment.

Aghast and confounded, doubting his own identity as well as that of the ladies with whom he was conversing, muttering incoherently, 'I—thought—it—was—very—improper——' without finishing the sentence, he abruptly took his departure.

This last shot of Job, coupled with the horror of his looks and the unceremoniousness of his departure, rather opened the eyes of the ladies, and placed them in that delectable predicament, denominated in feminine parlance *a stew*.

Meanwhile, Judge Wycherly, tired of waiting in his office for the return of Mr. Edward Gladman, proceeded in person to seek out that interesting young gentlemen, and extorted from him a full solution of the whole mystery, reprimanding him severely at the same time for procuring the unwarrantable representation, by two imps of boys, on the river bank, of his unoffending daughters, which had occasioned such sore distress to poor Heartwell.

The next morning after these occurrences, retributive justice awaited on Ned Gladman. Ned really adored and in return was loved by Mary Wycherley. His situation will be duly appreciated by the mus-tached reader who has been along there, when it is stated that he received a nondescript package, containing a variety of articles, an inventory of which we append as follows : 'One daguerreotype, (male ;) two finger-rings, (gold alloy ;) one lady's hair-bracelet, (male and female hair intermixed ;) one Book of Common Prayer, (much worn about the marriage-service ceremony ;) one album, (filled with selections from the standard poets, above all sorts of signatures ;) and one MS. poem, (delivered on a fourth-of-July celebration by E. G.)

Hastily re-packing these priceless treasures, the recipient thereof might have been seen, in a fit of deeper despondency and depression than whilom weighed down poor Heartwell, gloomily wending his way in the direction of a certain mansion, which shall be nameless, where, on bended knees, and with suppliant hands, he implored forgiveness for his mad cap prank and unthoughtedness, from the justly-offended Mary Wycherley, who, withstanding his entreaties until her heart was ready to burst, finally granted it, and restored to the cured practical joker 'that peace which passeth all understanding.'

'And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges !'

EVERY thing was forgiven, time passing by merry as a marriage-bell ; but not forgotten. For, though many a year has come and gone, adding dignity and gravity to Ned's character, and developing the matronly beauty of the charming Mary, the partner of his bosom ; still sometimes when that now-distinguished gentleman becomes a little unmanageable and shows signs of ancient proclivities returning upon him, he is expeditiously 'sent about his business,' by a word-picture ravishingly drawn by Mary, exhibiting a run-mad lover on 'bended knees, with suppliant hands.'

And whenever the still lovely Eugenie desires, in the social circle, to curb the heated imagination of that successful lawyer and popular poli-

tician, Job Heartwell, Esq., or to throw a doubt upon the accuracy of some statement made by that rather dogmatic individual, she fully accomplishes her ends, when, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, and with archest and most insinuating manner conceivable, she asked 'Was that snake *really* as large as a man's body?'

SPRING-TIME ON THE PRAIRIES.

ALVIN ROBINSON.

I.

'T is spring-time on the prairies,
And their stretching miles of bloom
Throw on the wildly-wandering winds
The riches of perfume.
And while the wild cock blows his shell,
The brown lark flings his staves,
The broad savannas clap their hands
And roll their wealth of waves.

II.

There 's a white cliff, like a tower,
Looking down upon a stream,
Where the black fox sees his image,
Half-awake and half in dream.
And northward pass two pilgrim birds,
Well pouched and very slow,
They bring along the hint of palms
And the shores of Mexico.

III.

As my faithful Indian pony
Gallops lightly o'er the plain,
The startled fawn leaps up in fear,
And stalks away the crane;
The sward-snipe circles through the air,
And screams his dismal tune,
And the red wolf sits by his earthen den
And howls to the setting moon.

IV.

I lay me down a moment
While my pony crops the flowers,
And I dream of my native mountains
And their babbling brooks and bowers;
I hear their dark pine forests
Respond to the wild winds' moan,
But I wake on the lonesome prairies,
And feel, indeed, alone.

Mt. Duran Co., (IV.)

THE MID-NIGHT CHIME.

BY MEISTER JOHANN.

I.

Now while mid-night's chimes are ringing,
Bell-tones on earth's stillness flinging,
Such as fairy throats are singing,
Busy thought is wildly bringing
Rare visions to the eye of Fancy:
Joy when the heart is wrapt in sorrow,
Hope lighting up the dark to-morrow;
Thus from those bells gay Thought doth borrow
Bliss amid pain, and peace 'mid sorrow,
As by some spell of necromancy.

II.

Soft the notes are o'er us creeping,
Wounded hearts in life-balm steeping:
Forms who 've long in death been sleeping,
Over whom we've long been weeping,
Seem to be standing all around us!
While voices loved of yore, awaking,
The vividness of life are taking;
And now, in songs of youth are breaking
Upon the air, once more awaking
The joys we knew ere grief had found us.

III.

Tempting serpents, grim and sooty,
Hurry hence without their booty;
Faith smiles forth in radiant beauty,
And the heart grows strong in duty,
While sweet the mid-night chime is pealing:
Virtue seems wedded now to Gladness!
High vows, which erst had been but madness,
Are now renewed; while driving Sadness
Far, far away, the fairy Gladness
Thrills every nerve with joyous feeling.

IV.

Thus in meditation nightly
When the stars are shining brightly,
And those bells are ringing lightly,
While aerial forms so sprightly
Come tripping round gay, busy Fancy;
Forgetting all of care and sorrow,
And caring nothing for the morrow,
Doth Thought from mid-night's bell-chime borrow,
E'en in the darkling night of sorrow
Unnumbered spells of necromancy.

Osby Cottage, Clinton Avenue, June, 1856.

C O N S T A N T I N O P L E .

BY DR. J. O. NOYES, LATE SURGEON IN THE OTTOMAN ARMY.

MORE historical than all else at Stamboul are the walls which surround the city. They occupy nearly the place of the old fortifications erected by the Consul Cyrus Constantine, by order of Theodosius II., and demolished by Septimus Severus. Although 'after the Parthenon and Balbec, they are the most magnificent ruins which attest a seat of empire,' it is too evident that Constantine the Great built them in haste. Segments of broken columns and pieces of sculptured marble are strangely intermingled with brick-work and rough blocks of granite. The walls of Constantinople are twelve miles in extent, and provided with more than five hundred towers. Most of the twenty-eight gates have been celebrated in history. Constantinople has been besieged twenty-nine times, and eight times taken and pillaged. Old Byzance saw before her walls Athenians, Macedonians, Romans, Thracians, Bithynians, Celts, and Persians. The city of Constantine has trembled before Goths, Huns, Arabs, Persians, Saracens, Russians, Bulgarians, Hungarians, and Turks. During these various vicissitudes of fortune there have been encamped before her gates old Greek commanders and old Roman emperors, new Greek autocrats and new Roman Cæsars, Arabian caliphs and Bulgarian kralis, Slavonian kings and Ottoman sultans.

On a pleasant afternoon we rounded the point of the Seraglio and oared leisurely along the wall which skirts the Sea of Marmora, reading the inscriptions on its gates, and tracing here and there its wave-worn foundations far down in the crystal water. Arriving at the south-west angle of triangular Stamboul, we disembarked at the Chateau of Seven Towers, the *Irde-Koule* of the Turks. This Mussulman Bastile, which has witnessed the *denouement* of so many tragedies begun in the Seraglio, was founded by Zeno, finished by Alexander Comnenus, and rebuilt by Mohammed the Conqueror. But four of the Seven Towers have been standing since the earthquake of 1768. They served alike as a fortress, treasury, and prison for the ambassadors of powers at war with the Turks. Hither the dethroned Sultans were dragged by an enraged populace. Here six or seven imperial heads have rolled to the earth, and these gloomy walls have often been crowned with hideous wreaths of grinning skulls. But this ancient castle, in which the Athenians are said to have kept their treasures, is now merely a monument of the past. No stranger is admitted within its gates. Its dungeons, its whispering halls and rooms of torture are deserted. The laughing waves of the Marmora which break against its foundations, no longer blush with human blood or mingle their melancholy dirge with battle-cries, while the jasmin and the ivy have kindly woven a green mantle over the crumbling towers like a veil of forgetfulness.

Turning away from this tableau, grandiose alike in its majesty of ruins and in the souvenirs of history, we mount the horses provided for us, to ride along the walls which defend Stamboul on the Thracian or land side. Beginning at the Seven Towers they sweep over the steep and rugged hills to the suburb of Eyoub, or the Golden Horn, four miles distant from the Marmora. The rays of the declining sun give a golden tinge to the distant mountains of Thrace, and impart a serene and indescribable beauty to these crumbling towers and bastions. Beyond them is Stamboul, low and compact, merely the minarets and domes of the mosques rising to view above the lofty walls, while on the outside vast cemeteries occupy most of the space in the direction of Eyoub. The barren hills gradually lose themselves in the Thracian plain on which the squadrons of the Nizam occasionally go through their evolutions. Here and there a shepherd may be seen guarding his little flock. Dreadful solitude to be experienced beneath the walls of a great city! The very genius of decay broods over the monuments of power and military valor before us. But one can hardly conceive of nobler or more picturesque ruins than these triple lines of fortifications; wall rising above wall, and ditch sinking behind ditch. Vines have clambered far up the crumbling towers, and the thousand plants and shrubs of a luxuriant vegetation line the silent walls, from which once looked down serried hosts, glittering with shield and spear. The moat, said to have been more than a hundred feet in depth, is nearly filled with rubbish, and the soil, enriched with the blood of so many battles, bears flowers, and shrubs, and cresses. The mouldering battlements, the unfilled breaches, the melancholy views inspire painful emotions. Behind these ramparts, which the wretched Greeks foolishly believed impregnable, crumbled away the last wreck of the great Roman empire. Yet under the protection of these ruins the empire of the Cæsars survived long centuries until the formation of new societies, prolonging antiquity down to the middle ages, and forming a grand connecting link between the world of Rome and the world of the present. As I ride by the gates, rendered memorable by great historical events, my imagination pictures the scenes enacted there centuries ago. Before the *Aurea*, or Golden Gate, now walled up like many others around Stamboul, I behold the triumphal processions of the Emperors, which entered the city at this point from the time of Theodosius the younger. By the gate of Adrianople loom up before me the wild hosts of the Avars repulsed by Heraclius and his brave Greeks. Still further on I pause for a moment where Alexius Comnenus entered the city to usurp the throne, and where the imagination, busy with the historical past, represents Justinian the Great making his triumphal entry, met here by the prefect of the city and the entire Senate — a scene worthy of the historical painter. Before the gate of St. Romanus I conjure up the grand events of the last siege of Constantinople, the fatal assault on the thirty-ninth of May, 1453, and the death of Constantine, who, however he may have lived, fell like a Cæsar. Years had been spent by the Ottomans in making preparations for this remarkable siege. On the sixth of April Mohammed appeared before the city and encamped behind the hill which faces the gate of Caligaria. A hundred thousand cavalry with curveting steeds

and all the equestrian finery of standards and trappings in which the Turks delight, formed the confines of the camp on yonder plain. A hundred thousand active besiegers composed the right wing toward the Seven Towers, and fifty thousand the left wing, extending as far as the palace of the Blachernes, in the direction of the Golden Horn. A monstrous cannon, cast at Adrianople by a Hungarian renegade from the service of Constantine, was dragged before the gate of St. Romanus, also called the Cannon Gate, or *Top-Kapousi* since the siege. This piece, unquestionably the most enormous mentioned in the history of siege artillery, required for its conveyance fifty yoke of oxen. Two hundred men marched on each side of the frame of thirty wagons on which it was supported to maintain the equilibrium of the rolling weight. The bore is declared to have been twelve palms in diameter, and in the first trial, which veiled Adrianople with smoke, and was heard the distance of several leagues, a stone ball, weighing nearly a thousand pounds, is said to have been projected a mile, and then buried itself a fathom deep in the earth. Seven hundred men were appointed to serve this enormous engine of war. A Hungarian envoy from Hunyod, then in the Ottoman camp, gave directions for its proper use, but with all their eager haste it could be discharged but seven times a day. After a few trials the brazen-mouthed monster burst, killing the founder and many workmen beside. Flanking this enormous cannon were two others of nearly the same calibre, while in all, fourteen batteries were opened against the wall of Constantinople on the Thracian side. In this remarkable siege both ancient and modern instruments of warfare were employed. Volleys of musketry attended clouds of spears and arrows, and parks of awkward artillery aided the slow work of balistas, catapults, and movable turrets. By means of the latter the tower of St. Romanus was at last overturned. The Turks, however, were driven from the breach and their enormous wooden turret set on fire. The next morning when Mohammed saw the ditch cleared and the tower of St. Romanus built up as strong as before, he swore by the hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets that he never believed the Greeks able to accomplish so great a work in a single night. Day followed day and effort succeeded effort, but without success to the Ottomans. Mohammed at last hit upon a bold project to gain possession of the Golden Horn. During a single night he caused seventy galleys and brigantines of from two to five banks of oars to be conveyed by land from Bexhiktasch, on the Bosphorus, across to the termination of the harbor, the mouth of which was closed with a chain. The distance was between five and six miles, and the way led across high hills and deep valleys. The planks over which the vessels were drawn were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Upon the prow of each vessel stood the captain, and at the stern of each the pilot. The sails were spread, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and at the return of day the besieged saw with equal surprise and terror the seventy Turkish vessels cast anchor in the Golden Horn, and ranged themselves before their walls. 'At the sight of this spectacle they understood,' says a Turkish historian, 'that their ruin was about to be accomplished. Words escaped not from their mouths : the dark gloom of despair settled

upon their hearts.' A prediction long before spread abroad among the people, announced that Constantinople would fall when they should see *ships sailing upon the land*. Seven weeks had passed. The Greeks still mounted the ramparts and repelled every attack ; but four of their towers had been demolished, a large breach was open at the gate of St. Romanus, and the Ottoman army occupied the *fosse*, half-filled with the ruins of the fortifications.

Mohammed, either to obey the law of the Koran, which enjoins that peace be offered to an enemy before extermination, or to learn whether the city would be able to hold out many days longer, sent a last message to Constantine. Arrived before the Emperor, who was surrounded by his court, Esendiar-Oghlon, the envoy of Mohammed, exhorted him to disarm the wrath of the Sultan by a prompt and complete surrender, and thereby spare the inhabitants all the miseries of slavery. But in the council which the Emperor immediately convoked, the voice of honor and of courage reduced to despair was alone heard.

'If the Sultan will grant peace, and in respecting it, imitate the example of his predecessors,' responded Constantine to the Envoy of Mohammed, 'I give thanks to God. Moreover, no one of those who have besieged Constantinople has either lived or reigned a long time. Mohammed can impose a tribute upon me, but never will I surrender the city which I have sworn to defend.'

The general assault was to take place on the twenty-ninth of May, the fatal day to Constantinople, as predicted by the astrologers in the camp of the Sultan. On the evening of the twenty-seventh Mohammed assembled the chiefs of the Ottoman army. To them and his soldiers, he promised the entire booty, reserving to himself only the houses, and the land upon which the city stood. To those who should most distinguish themselves he would give *timars* and even *Sandjacks* ; and to the soldier who should first scale the walls, the government of his richest province. Seated upon horseback and holding in the right hand his golden sceptre, the Sultan swore by the prophet of Mecca, by the soul of his father, by his children and by his cimeter, that the Koran should prevail. This harangue was received with acclamation, and shout after shout rolled along the long lines of the soldiers of Islam. Dervishes ran through the camp promising an eternal youth amid the fresh rivers and streams of paradise to such as should fall with arms in their hands. The day preceding the assault each one was enjoined to fast and make seven ablutions. At night-fall the trumpet gave the signal for a general illumination. Then all the tents along the Bosphorus and on the heights of Galata became resplendent with light ; then the greater part of the Golden Horn and the bivouacs extending away in long lines to the Sea of Marmora blazed with innumerable lamps and torches. The besieged mounted the walls to behold the amazing spectacle, and half surrounded by seas of fire, believed at first that a terrific conflagration was sweeping away the camps and fleets of the Ottomans. But the chants and dances of the dervishes, and the wild Moslem shouts of *Allah illah Allah* passing from squadron to squadron and echoing from hill to hill, soon announced to them

that the Turks were celebrating their victory in advance. Then despair settled upon the Greeks. They ran wildly in the streets and thronged the churches. Gloom and confusion and darkness reigned everywhere, and above the lamentations and prayers of the people swelled the *Keyrie eleison*, mingling its solemn strains with the Bacchic frenzy of the Turks. The last assault, the carnage, have they not all been described, O reader! by the eloquent pen of Gibbon? The walls remain in nearly the same condition they were in after the siege of Constantinople more than four hundred years ago. But little has been taken away and nothing has been added save the ivy and the verdure. The indolent Turks have not even closed the breach by which a great part of Mohammed's army entered the city, and behind which the last of the Constantines fell covered with wounds and with glory. This is the strongest portion of the wall, and yet such was the disparity between the Greeks and Turks that I wonder the latter did not sooner burst through there. Near by, on the most elevated ground within the walls of Stamboul, is the ruin of the palace of Belisarius, the residence of the last Emperor. The old palace of the Cæsars is likewise an inextricable labyrinth of ruins.

About mid-way from the Seven Towers and the Golden Horn, the road deviates from the wall and leads to the church of Balukli, a place much frequented by the Greeks. Here no Turks are to be seen, the women are unveiled, and there is often a hurrying to-and-fro of eager groups. The convent-like church is surrounded by a gloomy wall. In the immediate vicinity is a Greek cemetery, which, from the absence of trees and the careless manner in which the monuments are arranged, is by no means so interesting as the burial-places of the Turks. Several of the Greek patriarchs have been buried in the court-yard of the church. The Greek emperors were wont to repair to Balukli on Ascension-day in great pomp, and here also important marriages were formerly celebrated.

Our dragoman conducts us down several steps to the body of the church, which is cleaner and prettier than the generality of Greek churches. A few priests are celebrating mass in their usual monotonous manner, and with the nasal twang peculiar to eastern worship. '*Thos psari effendis*, (see the fishes, gentlemen)?' says one of them, and he leads us down to the fountain of Nicetas, the healing virtues of whose cool and refreshing waters were sung by Nicephorus, and extolled by Philo in Greek iambs. The fountain is of crystal clearness, and in it are swimming a few streaked fishes roasted, as the legend tells us, on one side.

A monk sat here frying fishes, when Mohammed entered the city. As some one announced to him the triumph of the Turks, he exclaimed: 'What! I shall believe you when I see these fishes come to life and leap from the pan in which I am cooking them.' And forthwith, to the amazement of the incredulous Canobite, they did leap from the frying-pan into the fountain before us. The church built to commemorate this miracle, was destroyed at the breaking out of the Greek revolution, but it is declared that the fishes were again miraculously preserved.

Descending to the Golden Horn we reach Eycub, one of the fifteen suburbs of Constantinople. It is a delicious sylvan retreat, where no Christian is allowed to reside, and whose holy mosque, built by Mohammed II., no Christian is permitted to enter. The latter is an airy and elegant structure of white marble, in which the Turkish Sultans are inaugurated.

When the new padishah has girded on the sword of Osman, the illustrious founder of the Ottoman dynasty, turning to one of his ministers, he exclaims: '*Keyzyl-elmada giorus chetem!*' (May we see each other in Rome!) Though now a mere formality, this ceremony shows how the haughty Sultan once meditated supplanting the tiara by the turban. It carries our thoughts back to the time when the taking of Otranto in Apulia by Achmet Geduk Pacha, caused as much terror in Rome as the appearance of Attila on the Mincio, when there was trembling in the Vatican, and the Papal power almost determined again to remove its seat to Avignon.

Times change. We have beheld the throne of the Osmanlis, before which the representatives of mighty kings once bowed the neck and held the voice subdued, threatened to be submerged by the returning waves of invasion, and the hand which formerly issued the bulletins of victorious armies and the recitals of conquest, stretched forth supplicatingly to the powers whose subjects were a few years ago termed dogs of infidels.

'Let him that gives aid to the Turks be excommunicated,' stands written in the canons of Rome. But in the war which is now terminating we have seen the Gallic defender of the Catholic faith the firm ally of the Sultan. The *Keyrie eleison* and *Allah illah Allah*; while the followers of CHRIST and the followers of Mohammed have gone into combat shoulder to shoulder, bearing side by side the crescent and the cross. Yet in this crusade of Louis Napoleon the Occident and the Orient have been brought together on a magnificent scale. Thus are made acquainted men who hitherto have met only on fields of carnage and seen each other through the smoke of battles. Thus also the ancient enmity of races is made to fall beneath the rough tread of Mars.

The mosque derives its name from Eyoub, the standard-bearer and companion-in-arms of Mohammed, who was killed at the siege of Constantinople by the Saracens, 668 A.D., and buried here. The spot having been revealed to Mohammed II. in a vision, he erected a mosque and mausoleum in honor of the glorious Eyoub. There are many other mausolea of persons distinguished in the annals of Islam under these dark cypresses.

I notice many gilded monuments which exhibit great taste, and do not think there can be a sweeter resting-place for the dead than quiet, beautiful Eyoub. Slight elevations of mason-work or stones chiseled at the top to the shape of turbans, mark the grave of the faithful, the size and the inscriptions also sometimes indicating their character and profession. A flower or some simple device is inscribed in the case of females. The Moslems press the earth with no ponderous marble slabs, in order that on the day of judgment the bodies of the dead may spring up without impediment. They scrupulously avoid burying two

persons in the same place, and have the beautiful custom of planting a cypress over the grave of a relative or friend, circumstances which account for the size of Turkish cemeteries and their being converted into the parks and pleasure-grounds of Ottoman cities. The Mussulmans bury their dead upon the day of their death, and hurry them to the tomb, for the Prophet says : ' If the departed one is blessed, hasten with him to the place of destination : is he accursed, get rid of him as soon as possible.' The nearest relatives assist in supporting the bier. For that pious office the Koran promises a great blessing, and the only time that a Turk moves swiftly is when he is carrying a brother to the grave. They run out and assist each other, believing that the body of the departed is uneasy until consigned to the dust from which it sprung. The Imaum or priest interrogates the dead upon the articles of faith contained in the Koran, and the silence of the latter is ingeniously construed into affirmative answers. A few handfuls of earth are thrown into the grave, the assistants respond *Amen*, and the soul is left alone with eternity. Instead of a coffin they employ two planks so placed as to leave an open space where, as they say, the examining angels can sit down and converse with the departed. For a like reason the shroud is seamless and left open at both ends. A stone is placed at the head of the corpse for the convenience of the two angels, under the supposition that this act of civility will make them more indulgent.

When the latter visit the sepulchre in order to institute an examination, the soul of the defunct is supposed to return for a time to the body. One of the angels seizes the queue of hair, which every true Mussulman allows to grow for that purpose, and raises the dead to a sitting posture. This preliminary examination consists of four questions relating to the cardinal points of religion and the direction in which the dead has said his prayers. For several days in succession after the funeral the relatives and friends of the deceased repair to his grave to pray, beseeching God to deliver him from the torments inflicted by the black angel in case the examination be not satisfactory. Calling him by name, they encourage him to ' fear not, but answer bravely.' On the Friday following the interment, refreshments of various kinds are carried to the grave, of which the passer-by may partake freely. The souls of the faithful are thought to linger around the graves in blissful beatitude, not unmindful of the attentions of their surviving friends.

This mode of sepulture is not without good in a country where the plague is common and premature burials occasionally take place. It occasionally happens that persons buried in this clumsy manner recover and are able to force the barrier separating them from the outward world. It is related that a Turkish blacksmith, who had been buried in the morning, returned home during the day, enveloped in his shroud. Being somewhat taciturn, he directed his footsteps at once to his shop to the great terror of his assistants, and without saying a word to any one resumed the work of the previous day.

Refreshing ourselves with a cup of coffee at the Kiosk, whose foundations are bathed by the limpid waves of the Golden Horn, let us take a four-oared *Cairque* to visit the Sweet Waters of Europe. The

picturesque *Caidjis* handle their frail but elegant barks with admirable address. Shooting up the little river which flows into the Golden Horn, we reach in a few minutes one of the most frequented places near the Turkish capital. It is an oasis in the desert which extends down to the very walls of Stamboul, for if one ascends the hills on either side, nothing meets the eye but a wide desolate waste. The delightful retreat is named the Sweet Waters by the Franks, and Heavenly Waters by the Turks, but the water of the Lycus is not fit to drink. Here, where

— 'In shadiest covert hid
The tuneful bird sings darkling.'

the Sultan has a summerpalace, half-Occidental in style and furniture, and half-Oriental. Except the harem, which we were not permitted to visit, and the sumptuous marble baths it would suffer in comparison with many of the villas along the Hudson. An artificial water-fall is near, and on the green plots feed the stately coursers of the Sultan, rivalling in beauty the fleet coursers of Heftar and Nedjid.

On sunny afternoons and balmy evenings Turkish ladies do love to congregate on the sylvan banks of the Lycus. Then the cool sherbet is drunk in the shady kiosk, and the Ottoman lays off that dignity which he wears in all other places, to become a playful child. Then and there only upon European soil do you behold an *apotheosis* of the life of the soft Asiatics. The Turk loves nature from the fact that he is a stranger to art, and at the Sweet Waters of Europe he enjoys her blessings without restraint. Its solitude induces the *far niente*, and the delicious *far niente*, is it not, O reader, the secret of the life Oriental? The silvery laugh of sportive girls mingles with the music of running waters, the rustling of leaves and the notes of the bulbul.

Armenian maidens let fall the veil in the eagerness of sport, and groups of dark-eyed Greeks as beautiful as Thalia and Melpomene dance upon the green velvet to music, Orphean only in the graceful movements it accompanies. Here the Circassian forgets she is a slave, and the Nubian joins her mistress in the merry laugh.

On one of the hills which overlook the promenade of the Sweet Waters there is an immense kiosk, untenanted and uncared for. No one visits the fountains in the lonely gardens. Rank weeds have grown up in the shady walks, and lifeless trees show their squalid branches in the midst of luxurious vegetation. With all this solitude and decay is connected a story of spiritualized affection rare among the Turks. Mahmoud converted the kiosk into a dwelling-place for the favorite of the imperial harem. Here the Sultan was wont to repair to forget the chagrins of the sovereign in the tenderness of love. The beautiful Circassian died. The brave-hearted Sultan could find no solace for his grief. He ordered that no hand should desecrate the asylum of his lost happiness. In his saddest hours he would often come here to weep alone. Abdel Medjid, when he ascended the throne, respected his father's wish, and no one now approaches the solitary pavilion still wearing the emblems of mourning.

The shades of evening gather around us. As we glide down the

Lycus and the Golden Horn, the full-orbed moon rises from behind the Bithynian Olympus and bathes in liquid ethereal light the mosques and towers of the Seven-Hilled City. Caiques filled with grave Osmanlis and their silken-eye-lashed treasures flit by us on the Golden Horn, whose depths are no longer vexed by a thousand moving keels. The dimpling and silvery waves wear their crisped moonlit smiles around the motionless hulls, and break against them with the low murmur of the far-sounding sea. A balmy influence seems to descend from the turquoise sky through an atmosphere of opaline transparency. The sensations and perceptions become exquisite beyond description, and the current of my thoughts flows into dreamy imaginations. The very pulses of my being throb with a new and delicious life — a life known only in the sunny Orient.

L O S T !

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

As strong of heart and lithe of limb,
 As quick to do and dare and be,
 And yet with soul and senses dim,
 Through solving of life's mystery !
 How long my better self has slept !
 How far my feet have gone astray !
 I smile where I should once have wept,
 And scoff where I should kneel to pray !

Thine eyes are closed ; but I look out
 Through tears, upon my fellow-men,
 And, stepping o'er thy daisied grave,
 Come 'back to busy life again !'
 For thee the silence of the tomb,
 The silence none may dare to break !
 For me the deep, perpetual gloom —
 The soul in mourning for thy sake !

Thine eyes are closed, the summer wind
 Will breathe around our trysting-tree,
 And search and seek, but never find
 An answering glimpse or glance of thee !
 And strangers, lingering here at eve,
 Will pluck the daisy leaves apart,
 And talk of those for whom they grieve,
 Nor dream they tread upon my heart !

Thine eyes are closed: the passionate tears,
 The dull despair and heavy pain,
 My soul has felt through all these years,
 Can never move thy heart again !
 While I, if love again with me,
 Another shape and form should know,
 'T would be no stranger sight to see
 Red roses blooming in the snow !

New-York, June 3d, 1856.

H O M E :

'WHETHER IT BE THAT OF HIS BIRTH, OR THAT OTHER THOUGH NOT LESS DEAR ONE, WHERE
HE HAS GATHERED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.'

WHEN the bloom is on the orchards
And the grass begins to spring,
When the birds all wake in gladness
And make the welkin ring;
When the old house-dog lies in the sun
And winks and blinks his eyes,
Waving his long white tail about
To drive away the flies;

When the children, wet with rain-drops,
Come trooping from the farm,
Each hand is full of violets
And the thorn-buds in their arm;
Then! then! the first home welcomes them,
'Then do they all first learn
Home lessons that are ne'er forgot,
Then do their hearts all yearn.

For mamma will kiss her darlings
And take the flowers they bring,
Then feed her precious birdies,
Ah! that is in the spring.

In a half-score year the sister sits
Beside another hearth,
And the brothers all are married,
They have left their place of birth.
Still the new homes all grow merry
With the glorious Christmas cheer,
Though the hearts they wander back sometimes
To the spring of the year.

And little rosy faces
Come peeping in betimes,
And Mother Goose now takes the place
Of BYRON'S warmer rhymes;
And little children frolic
With none but childhood's glee,
Where half-a-dozen years ago
Were only you and me.

Grand-father and grand-mother come
And make our cherubs bold,
Teaching us that we really are
Becoming rather old.
We scarcely heed the lesson,
'Till the still, strong hand of Death
Has clasped the dearest of the fold
And kissed away his breath.

The snow-flakes eddy round the grave,
Fall on the sable bier
Pointing us all how soon we come
To the winter of the year.

Vedea, (N. O.,) April 21st, 1854.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART NINE.

I SEE a good deal of the softer sex in the routine of my daily duties. I watch their movements when they little suspect it. I am their companion and guide in the business hours of the day, when husbands, fathers, and brothers are safely boxed up in counting-rooms, offices, and stores, and when butterflies instinctively spread their gaudy wings in mid-day sunshine. I claim to have a boundless fondness for the whole sex, and if what they sometimes compel me to think of them seems to have a dash of bitterness, I beg the 'dear creatures' will believe I say it more in sorrow than in anger.

I have of late been musing much upon '*woman's rights*,' and I desire the privilege in these flying leaves to jot down, in a loose way, a few hints and suggestions for the benefit of whom it may concern. I desire to talk a little while and say (fancying I have a good listener) a few words bluntly and without affected gallantry. I have the immense satisfaction of knowing that my sentiments are very unpalatable to one and very unpopular with both sexes. I know I shall write myself *down* — something not very complimentary — in the estimation of one sex at least, and very likely of both. I shall of course be esteemed deficient in that chivalrous regard for every thing that bears the name of woman, which is the peculiar boast of the native American. I don't mean the aboriginal American. His ideas, I am told, were rather different. I shall be accused of want of gallantry, and perhaps considered destitute of common humanity. Still I shall shield myself behind my insignificance and let fly my arrows from my hiding-place, trusting solely to the merits of my shot to find its own appreciation, if it deserves it.

Still I shall endeavor to tell, in my humble way, (if a poor car-conductor may be heard upon such a mighty theme,) how I fancy, nay apprehend too great a zeal for woman's rights, may overlook *men's wrongs*. I wish I could call attention to what I believe to be one of the greatest social errors of our time. I refer to what I conceive to be the great *INEQUALITY OF THE SEXES*, with respect to the relative share and proportion they bear of the cares and duties of life in large cities. To my thinking, woman, by assuming or accepting the position of the ornamental part of creation, if she has impaired her freedom, (as she now complains,) has become the pampered slave of indulgence rather than the victim of oppression.

My observations are limited to American women, or rather women in America, for I know but little of any others. I am serious, if I know

how to be so, when I avow my apprehension, the human race is depreciating. Indeed I have looked at this matter until I am in danger of becoming possessed of this one idea as of a devil. I am in fear it will be a hobby with me. I hate a hobby. I never before could hold an idea long enough to be in danger of its becoming a hobby. But the best way to break a hobby into a steady, useful roadster, is to ride him often in public. Now I do think, and will say it, woman is not 'fulfilling her destiny,' in our day — I do not mean to utter these commonplace words in the Broadway-Tabernacle sense of the expression — I say more, woman is not doing her duty.

To strike at once at the root of the tree, without further tiresome preliminary, I suspect the great mischief is, that, as a general rule, women here terminate their intellectual life at the very period they ought seriously to begin it. To illustrate, ask any intellectually-cultivated man what proportion of his acquirements he has learned after he left college or attained majority, and he will doubtless tell you '*every thing*.' Ask almost any woman you chance to meet, what the solid acquirement she possesses which is the fruit of cultivation after leaving her school, and an hundred to one she will be forced to say, '*nothing*.' The human mind is so constituted that it cannot remain stationary. Like the body it must have food or it languishes. Like that, too, when it ceases to grow and mature, it begins to decline toward decay. Now the difference between men and women starting from their days of early tuition, results in just this : while one advances the other retrogrades. The man by cultivation grows to full stature, and perhaps carves his name, high or low, deep or shallow, as the case may be, upon the tablets of time. The woman sinks into the insignificance and whimsicality, or merges her individuality in that of her husband, and becomes his diluted shadow.

This should not be. I advocate human nature. If woman has a soul, (as is generally believed,) she should claim a recognition of it, and it must be allowed, if she has no soul, and is not a separate individual being, with duties and accountabilities, (as might fairly be inferred from her mode of self-treatment,) then there is an end of my chapter, and the less said on this ticklish subject the better. But I repudiate Mohammed. I beseech the sex to ostracise him. I claim to be woman's friend. Perhaps my advocacy is an unsavory tonic, and perhaps I had better mind my own business, and 'stick to my last.' Still I dare stand forth as the uncalled champion of woman, and claim for her a share of that priceless heritage, the *new right*, added by the last French Revolution to the catalogue of human rights, that 'right' which is the characteristic of our day and generation, I mean THE RIGHT TO WORK.

There : the murder is out, and I breathe more freely. I have done it. Strike, but hear me. *I would set woman to work*. I would have a wife — a help-meet unto her husband — a veritable co-worker in the garden of life. I would elevate the gentler sex from the equivocal and unequivocal position of play-thing and toy, up to the level of coequal and companion in deed as well as in name. Not only companion in pleasure and hours of idleness, but companion in sympathies intellectual,

and companion and yoke-fellow in toil and care. I would reduce this inequality of the sexes and set them upon a level, as in joy and sadness so in earnestness and reality of purpose, in burthens to bear as well as in songs to sing.

There, now, is the charming Mrs. Plympton, who often rides in my car, could tell us something of this matter if she would. I dare say she has thought of it. She has an honest heart, I believe, or she could not have so sweet a face. Still she lacks energy and invention to break through routine, and so she flutters her way through life as happily and as unconcerned about the great wrong she daily inflicts upon her husband as if he were born her natural slave and inherited bondman.

Mr. Plympton is head-clerk of the 'heavy' mercantile firm of 'Starbuck, Murray & Co., importers of laces, embroideries and British goods,' in Day-street. He is a very good-looking fellow, about five-and-thirty. He is a little worn and languid, and gives you the impression of being a man who has seen service, and perhaps sown wild oats in early days, extra territorially. You see, too, he has gotten a few premature crow-feet in the corners of his eyes from hard work, etc. He is rather plain in his dress, but has a half-studied neatness in it that is betrayed chiefly in the freshness of his linen and gloves. He is comely and quiet in his manner, but there is a resoluteness there that tells you he is a worker.

You meet him in the street, and you might be half-inclined to suspect him of being an educated man of fortune, so collected and well-gathered is he; but you would be quite sure, that though a gentleman he was not an idle one. He impresses you unmistakably with the notion that he leads an active life, and that duty, and not pleasure, is his mistress. I have half a mind to step into the counting-room and see how cheerily and yet how steadily and laboriously he travels around in the mill of his daily occupation.

But while Mr. Plympton is hard at work at his daily task, let us avail ourselves of this bright noon and peep in, Asmodeus-like, and see Mrs. Plympton. I know her in a moment. She is often my guest on the rails. She is now boarding at one of our large family-hotels in Broadway. I'll not say whether it be St. Nicholas or Metropolitan, lest I might offend by drawing attention to her. Well, we look into her parlor. The nurse has gone out with her children, and thus early in the day she is free as a bird. The cares of maternity are borne by deputy. She is a small and pretty woman, you see, with a very dainty air. Her dress is very lady-like and *comme il faut*, except, perhaps, too costly for any but a princess. You cannot fail to perceive she conceives herself to be a woman of taste, and so indeed she is—in dress. Her air and manner are graceful and easy, with a very copious dash of the *dolce far niente*. I beg pardon for travelling so far for the terminology of the type about which I am so querulous; but it is an unnatural product of American soil, and I am compelled to seek an exotic from a worn-out civilization for a parallel. To return to the 'fayre ladye.' Her bonnet (perhaps I should say head-dress, were it not a self-contradiction) is on, and she is gloved and shawled for a walk or a call. Thus she is every day. In the evening she coaxes poor Plympton to

accompany her to a ball, or a party, or some public place of amusement.

She 'sings, plays, and dances well.' She is a fond, loving, and trusting wife, and she and Plympton are, I dare say, very happy. But is this her destiny? Plympton works each day 'from morn to dewy eve,' and never murmurs. She, 'like the lily, neither toils nor spins.' Is this fair? Is this equality? All his earnings are freely, not grudgingly, surrendered to her, that she may live in beautiful idleness. His thoughts are full of care. And she flatters herself that her 'chiefest good' consists in squandering his money, and making herself a beautiful toy to soothe his tired spirit, and to wheedle him into temporary forgetfulness of the calls of time and circumstance upon his exertions! Does this woman bear her share of the yoke? If her husband is fated to be a shop-keeper, what right has she to set up herself for any thing better? If labor is too vulgar for her, why not for him; and why should not they 'twain that are one flesh' both abjure it and starve in harmony? Is there not a radical unsoundness here? Does not this savor of the harem? Is not this rank Mohammedanism after all?

Was the 'other half' of this man meant to be a mere play-thing? Does Christianity suffer woman (in every sphere of life where she can extort the sacrifice) to be the petted darling of indulgence?

While it recognizes the possibility of rights, does it not, too, point with unerring certainty to the absoluteness of obligations? Is there any thing compatible with good sense in the idea of a manacled slave of toil and a gilded puppet of indolence being made yoke-fellows in the race of life? Is it God's purpose that *he* should coin his nerves and heart-strings into 'money,' and that *she* should spend it in millinery and manteau-making, ribbons and laces, fringes and flowers, and waste her time in idleness? Has he no old age to provide for, no quiet to anticipate, no time of contemplation to be allotted him? Can she not by task-work lighten his toil, or by cultivation learn to share his higher sympathies? Before HEAVEN it seems to me a sorry destiny for this woman (who plumes herself upon being such a 'glorious creature') that the partner of her life should be a pack-horse or beast of burthen, while she idly flaunts in the sunshine and outvies the butterfly in ephemeral gauds or purposeless existence?

But my theme is expanding before me into an immense territory where I have no time now to follow it. Let this single scrap and illustration suffice for the time. More anon.

A F R A G M E N T .

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

HERE will we sit upon this verdant bank
And drink the balmy air exhaled from the meadows:
The nectarous breath that EARTH sends upward
When her lord, the SUN, kisses her cheek at parting.

O U T O N T H E B A T T L E M E N T S .

BY JENNY MARSH.

It is dark and the cold north-wind is blowing,
 And I stand here all alone,
 Out on the battlements gloomy and high,
 That hold me up to the frightful sky
 As if to tell me how poor a thing,
 How like a bird with a broken wing
 I am — how weak and small.

On my upturned face I feel the snowing.
 I did send up a prayer;
 I wrung my soul of all its power
 To grant me earnest faith that hour;
 But only the snow comes down,
 And gives me a spotless pall.
 How wildly now the wind is blowing!
 I wonder if my GOD is knowing
 How my heart is turning to stone?

Yes, stone that can neither melt nor break,
 That can meet the storm and sun,
 As the gray old rocks of this tower have done,
 For years and years that have gone to the past.
 They have braved out many a night like this,
 And 't is in their mighty strength to last
 Through fiercer storms that yet may come.

Oh! were it not better like them to be,
 Cold, passionless, and strong,
 Than to drift with the flood of misery,
 To cringe 'neath the stroke of cruelty,
 Or to chafe 'neath galling wrong?
 I press my cheek to the battlements cold.
 Speak, rocks! give me a word,
 I stand in the cold and dark alone;
 I have prayed to GOD and HE has not heard;
 Oh! how wild the blast is blowing;
 I wonder if my CHRIST is knowing
 How this heart is turning to stone?

There is something burning upon my cheek,
 'T is a tear — let it freeze where it fell;
 Sometimes there are springs of sweet waters locked up
 In rocks, and only a mystical spell
 Can open the lips of the hidden well.
 I'll seal up my tears in a casket of stone,
 That must break to let them forth.
 Oh! see, how the clouds are clearing away,
 And the wind dying down in the north.

The morning is breaking, she'll come in with smiles,
 But these iron-strong rocks will be cold,
 And shake off her kisses, and frowning will cast
 Their shadow across the white world.
 And I will go forth with no pain in my breast,
 O GOD! how blest that will be!

And sorrow may come, and sorrow may stay,
 Or gladness and hope may stop in my way,
 But it will be little to me;
 For my heart will be like these turrets so gray,
 Stone, stone, passionless stone,
 Shouting no mirth, nor giving a moan.
 I wonder if GOD sees me here all alone,
 And if HE is knowing
 How my heart is turning to stone?

Rochester, (N. Y.)

B A C H E L O R S .

BY D. J. SPRAGUE.

'O PLATO! PLATO! you have paved the way,
 With your confounded fantasies, to more
 Immoral conduct, by the fancied sway
 Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
 Of human hearts, than all the long array
 Of poets and romancers.'—BYRON.

PERHAPS Lord Byron is right; Plato and myself in error. Perhaps we have espoused a false philosophy, and as disciples of one great leader, are destined soon to see it universally rejected. But as yet its fallacy has been nowhere satisfactorily exhibited, neither have sufficient inducements been found to tempt us to renounce the doctrine in which, as it were, we have been born and bred. I speak in behalf of the entire sect of our philosophers throughout the world, and affirm that thus we choose to live and spend our days. Our ethics has become so interwoven with our habits and manner of living, that it has become part and parcel of our very being, and as soon should we think to relinquish life itself as the theories we have thus fondly embraced.

Some boldly declare our creed entirely false, and its advocates insincere; but I know not one who would not gladly defend his faith, and prove, if words and arguments can prove, the firmness of his belief. Others pronounce the whole a whim and a delusion: if a whim, how delightful! and if a delusion, how sweet!

Shall I give a few of the many reasons for our belief, and some of the admirable characteristics of our sect?

Our happiness, in the first place, depends immeasurably on our faith, and therefore we are led to the practice. The prime elements of earthly joy consist not so much in the great results, as the little causes. The little things are they that mar our pleasure and dampen all our aspirations. The little repeated annoyances injure the disposition and crush the spirits far more than the great strokes which surround one with a throng of sympathizing friends. In the loss of property others may share our regrets and minister to our wants, but in home troubles it is only given to endure with quiet meekness, a meekness that ill becomes the spirit of a man, and testifies that much which is manly has been already lost.

Poets are wont to sing of the sweets of connubial bliss, and to win us with their gliding measures. Misery loves company, and methinks ere this, they find all is not poetry that rhymes.

How pleasant, when the toils of day are over, to retire to one's own room to enjoy the companionship of those immortal minds which inlay his walls, each with its silent title beckoning him to search its pages for knowledge. How pure, how elevating the society! With the opening door, no long list of wants, ever prefaced by 'my dear' — no tale of faithless and insulting servants, or reproofs for unfulfilled requests, greet his ears — no half-dozen little progenies to mount his knees and rack his weary frame; but he finds in his own domicil a quiet and repose from all the cares of this noisy, bustling world.

Each of our sect is lord of his own body, soul, and domains. No other half who holds a mortgage on all these, inquires, 'Why do ye so?' Believe me, man is happier when he has his own way — when he can give himself to his own thoughts, reflections, and dispositions. No feminine intruder then disturbs his meditations, or boisterous children dissipate the half-wrought idea. Of what I have, however small it be, I'll hold an undisputed sway. My books and papers, what and how many I may please, surround me. There is no one whom we fear will molest them; no little urchins from whose fingers we must preserve our leaves and inkstand; no one who, 'for looks' sake,' delights to hide our razors, boots, and brushes: all, as we left, are handy. We are our own and not another's; we eat as we please, drink as we please, sit as we please, smoke as we please, read as we please, and sleep and wake as we please. Now tell us, all ye lords of woman-kind, is it not much more agreeable thus to be lord of one's self, untrammelled by the apron-strings?

'Connubial sweets' is but another name for Tantalus. Great pleasure is the tempting draught it proffers, but as you extend the hand the nectarine cup recedes, and grating teeth, not words, tell of the bitter disappointment. Man may for ever rue the day he sought those joys, but in vain. He speaks it not and finds no kindred mind to share his afflictions, save in our sect, to whom he is too proud to go. Who ever heard a man sing 'Sweet, sweet home' after a marriage of half-a-dozen years?

By the doctrines of our sect, man preserves his birth-right, freedom and independence.

'I do n't choose to say much upon this head;
I'm a plain man and in a single station;
But O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?'

Perhaps now and then one has yoked himself to so fair and fascinating a damsel that he chooses to sacrifice to her all independence and to be ruled by one whom he styles 'the best of wives.' 'Tis possible there may be *one* such, but it would be easier to find *scores* who would most gladly free themselves from the galling yoke.

It is alarming to look about and see how universally the fair sex reign. You can hardly find one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion. Men think, and talk, and dress to please them. And what do they receive? Perchance a pretty look, a fawning smile,

a kiss, a hand, *perhaps* a heart. And then *what* has he got? — a fret, a scold, a —, call her what you will; she looks like —, not very nice. Each sex would please the other till the nuptial knot is tied, and then they care not for their persons. It is proverbially true that woman seeks, by dress, far more to tickle the fancy and delight the taste of her lover than her husband. How often do we see the neat and tidy maid become the slovenly mother. The theory of Plato would prevent these evils and make life but a ‘wooing honey-moon,’ as lovers say.

‘Have they not hen-pecked you all?’ Woman rules us now. Let her not then seek a more despotic sceptre, lest in taking that she cannot hold, she drops what she already has. How strange a creature is woman? How pretty she can be if pleased; but cross her and she is forward, ill-natured, assuming; sometimes whines, at others rails; now swoons away — now comes to life; sometimes is dumb, at others has a most oily tongue and powers of speech enough to drive one mad. To argue with her, all men are like Don Alfonso.

‘He gained no points except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigor
Had poured upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy as a thunder-shower.’

How oft she makes us sin! She asks so many questions — who could help it? ‘My dear, where shall I say you’re gone?’ ‘Well, *tell* them so-and-so.’ He did not lie? ‘But why so late to-night, my dear?’ ‘Oh! business detained me, love.’ All true (?) no doubt. She needed not to ask, however.

Think of this, O ye bachelors! — of giving an account of all your deeds, your words and ways — think of it and weep; weep not for yourselves, but for the thralldom of your fellow-men; but rejoice the more that your lot is a freedom from babies and broomsticks, and your portion the joys of ‘single blessedness.’

The expounders and advocates of the Platonic philosophy are wantonly accused of lack of gallantry and esteem for the opposite sex. We know, however, no cause for this accusation, except it be that they pledge themselves to endure the tongues of *many* instead of *one* woman, and to be the gossiping theme for many rather than for that *one* eventful year; except it be that they suffer not themselves to be ensnared by the sly looks, round arms, and plump neck of some giddy school-girl. They look beyond the external; yet no one better than they appreciate the beauty of female character, form, and loveliness. No one experiences more pleasure in the society of ladies, or esteems it more highly than do they. Their influences are reckoned by them among those accomplishments, without which one’s education would be incomplete. We have seen professional men, of good mind and talents, made the butt of ridicule, because of the lack of this one essential.

Beside the characteristics of our sect above mentioned, we make some boast of our antiquity. Years before the Christian era saw our existence, and the present beholds us prosperous as the past. As formerly, so to-day you’ll find us all *true men*. Each holds an open hand to all earth’s needy sons. Each has a jovial soul, free as the mountain-air, and within each bosom beats a noble heart, large as benevolence and love to mankind can swell it.

L O V E ' S W A R N I N G .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

LOVE him not over-much, young mother !
 For the strange beauty of thy boy !
 Press not the golden curls too fondly,
 Which cluster round his brow of joy !
 Though laughing lip, and cheeks like rose-leaves,
 Mirror their glory on thy heart,
 Love him not over-much, young mother !
 Say not, my boy ! my all thou art !

Gladly and strong, through hall and parlor,
 Rings out the music of his glee ;
 Fresher than morning's dewiest breathings
 The waking kiss he has for thee ;
 Murmuring in dreams thy name he whispers,
 Asleep, awake, his star of life :
 Love him not over-much, young mother !
 Trust not fond hope, my gentle wife !

Beauty's high gift, and the wild freedom
 Of his rich garniture of health ;
 Voice like the lark's clear morning carol,
 Waking the day to summer's wealth ;
 Step like a monarch in his boasting,
 Yet willing to thy soft-toned voice.
 All, all may pass away, young mother !
 Be fearful, though thou still rejoice !

Lonely and lost, in yon sad church-yard,
 Lies the first-born that blessed thy heart !
 Once fair like him *this* proud young brother,
 Who knows not yet the words '*to part* ;'
 Never, though life be long or fleeting,
 Can *he* recall the perished one,
 Torn from thy arms, O sad young mother !
 Ere day of summer on him shone.

Flowers of the plain, and willows weeping,
 Bend over that small grave of ours ;
 Deep in our hearts a sorrow sleepeth,
 Weeping with willows, sad with flowers :
 Fear still in thy soul's gushing fondness,
 Its love, its glory, and its pride.
 The cloud that may darken, young mother !
 The twin-grave that may swell by its side.

Hark ! down the stair-way small feet patter !
 We know that *he* comes, by our hearts ;
 All fear of the wo of the future,
 All thought of the lost one departs.
 Ours still, for our glory and blessing !
 Ours ever, though torn from our sight.
 Then press him still closer, young mother !
 Thy sun-light by day, dream-love by night !

Not all in the haze of the future
 Is cloud-like, and hopeless, and dark;
 Through the drift of the mist and the shadow,
 See beacon-lights beckon life's bark!
 Hope on! let us hope that *his* manhood
 Will glad the old age of our years:
 Smile, then, through thy sadness, young mother!
 Hope's rain-bow *may* brighten thy tears.

Chicago, July, 1856.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER SEVEN.

SLOPER'S SUMMER EXPERIENCES.

'MACE, my boy,' remarked my friend Hiram Twine, as the last rope was cast off from the steam-boat at the Philadelphia wharf, and we 'swoped' away down the river, bound for Cape May — 'Mace, my boy, what was it you said to me this time a year ago about *blue* fish?'

I thought for a minute or two, and answered:

'I reckon we was talking about what a good catch Hon. Mrs. Diderbunk made that way last summer.'

'Where did she fish?' asked Hiram.

'On a good many grounds, beginning with Boston and Nahant, going down along to Cohasset, Stonington, Narrygansett, and Newport. She caught in one season five hundred and forty-eight blue-fish, seven gold bracelets, and a Malakoff pin, eighty-four sherry-cobblers, four hundred and twenty-three ten strikes, seven game-suppers, a young shark, and a husband. That's so!'

'Throw the last two items into one, Mace,' answered Hiram, very slow. 'The widow was ve-ry fast, and rolled ten pins amazing, but she had a hundred thousand gold shad-scales sticking to her pretty back, and so got hooked herself, and the hook was n't baited with any thing but sass and brass either. That's the way to catch the fast fishes, after all.'

Here Hiram took half-a-dozen pulls at his segar, and then propelled again.

'It's just a year ago since your remark about blue-fish was snapped off short as a goat's tail, and when I come to think of it, seems to me that from that day to this I have n't had a half-minute's time to hear it out. I remember once that Governor Phineas Barnum came into the office and sat down, saying that he'd got something he had n't had for ten years. I asked him what it was, and he said, 'Half-an-hour's leisure.' And as he only got about two hours and a half work into those thirty minutes, perhaps he was n't so far out, after all. My

leisure comes round oftener — say once a year — when I go watering placing. We twist up business and pleasure, dollars and devilment so in New-York, that a feller can't half the time tell tother from which. Even a note to a lady seems to be a sort of note-of-hand. Let 'er rip !'

'Precisely so,' said I, 'and so let's take it easy. There are our trunks with a nigger sittin' on 'em to keep 'em from running away ; here are we with a cool breeze, and over there is the town a sailing out of sight like a perambulating picture in a movable diorama. Wherefore not be peaceable ? I an't one of your 'cute sort, but it seems to me that there's a special providence plainly to be seen even in the easy way we're being let down from the worry and flurry of town-life, into our summer take-it-easiness. You've heard of the man, have n't you, that had to be a week going from a Broadway restaurant to a Shaker-farm ?'

'What for ?'

'On account of the *milk*. He was very fond of patent Orange County, and used to demolish it by the quart. His doctor knew this, and told him to be very gradual in his milks, or he would n't answer for the consequences. So he went about ten miles into the country the first day, and there he got it about half Orange County and half skim-milk. This was considerable richer than any thing he'd ever tasted before ; but he got used to it, and kept on till he came to another port, where he got the pure skim. After a day or two on skim, he advanced a few miles, and for the first time in his life, was promoted to real milk. By the time he got among the Shakers he could go the genuine cream.'

'I see what you're driving at, Mace,' said Hiram. 'From New-York the man who is hunting in this quarter for peace and happiness advances to the skim-mix of Jersey-City, and so on over the road to Philadelphia. There he finds solemn peace of mind, and the pure milk of serenity. But, Mace, if you expect to find the cream of perfect repose in a richer condition than you've got it there — you're *out* ! You made your last quiet set at the Lapierre Hotel in Broad-street where the only sound ever heard is that of scrubbing, sweeping, and changing bed-linen, or perhaps the coming and going of silent, well-bred travellers — like you and me.'

'Exactly the sort. Well, you touched the cream, or the cheese, of the cream-cheese, if you like it better — just *thar*. Cape May is of another color, and as far off from tranquillity as the fourth of July is from Jerusalem. Down there you'll find Newport with the rocks rolled out flat, so as to make it easy travelling for those who like to go at the rate of four gallons an hour, and a jug of beer to the ammychure who gets done first. *Hey ?*'

'That's it ?'

'That, Sir, is *it*. The principle of the whole business being, that people on whose souls the inky record of last winter's dissipation is still shining wet, fly to get sprinkled with the sand of New-Jersey, instead of staying quietly at home and getting dry in a natural way.'

And here Hiram, who had got out of eloquence, dried up himself and elegantly simmered down on a long puff of his segar. And I looked at the horses stamping and whinnying forrards, the young men who

sat reading papers in the wagons behind them, the people in the shade on deck, every once in a while reclaiming children who were stamped out of bounds, the pretty girl of the morning flirting with a conquest, and a half and a fraction, the fast man who, without any lady, sat reading a fast novel in the ladies' cabin, the quadron chamber-maid who was bustling about with tickets and small change for unprotected females, and at the darkies who, with nigger simplicity, kept up a straight-along yell of laughter as they talked with an old 'aunty' who was shelling peas, never remembering that wite folks in 'siety never dream of such a thing as having a jolly talk with elderly ladies. And so, what with looking at people, and smoking, and studying out the Chicago route in Bradshaw, and getting by heart Dick Stoddard's last love-poem, so as to astonish Mrs. Twiggles up to the nines, and otherwise affect her affections, I permitted the morning to slide on.

It had slode perhaps as far as the saw-buck and two sticks, when Hiram, who had been out of the way for half-an-hour, suddenly reappeared, followed by a very solemn-looking person, whose clean-shaved face, white cravat, and general theology of aspect, showed that he was a divinity student. Stepping aside, so as to give his friend a fair chance, Hiram introduced him to me as Meister Karl, and before either could get out a word, proceeded to say that

'When folks are travelling they ought to take care of themselves. I have here, gentlemen, a curious flask filled with something permanent. Spose we propel?'

Our new friend did not seem to quite understand the nature of the permanent object in the flask, and asked 'if it *was* permanent, how could we get it out?' Whereupon Hiram divulged to the effect that he meant brandy, and that the way to extract it was by the caterpillar process of suction.

The face of Meister Karl grew still graver as he proceeded to explain that he was a *colporteur* engaged in disseminating the celebrated sky-rocket temperance tracts, warranted to convert the heathen at sixty rods' distance, and that he consequently could n't drink. Having recently read in several worldly-minded and profane, but apparently reliable publications, such as the *Yankee Doodle*, the *Picayune*, and New-York *Sunday Despatch*, and *Times*, statements to the effect that New-Jersey was sunk in the grossest barbarism and heathenism, he had resolved to convert it, beginning with Cape May, and soon gradually spread himself over the whole State. He had also met with a tax-gatherer, who informed him that there were whole counties in Jersey where the entire vocabulary of the natives consisted of only six words, namely: 'Go to h—l,' and 'Nary a red,' and where they subsisted entirely on what is termed 'apple-jack,' a preparation which the worthy missionary presumed to resemble apple-butter. Having concluded his explanation, the good man asked leave to present me with a 'Dairyman's Daughter.'

'Certainly, Sir,' I replied. 'I will take the Dairyman's Daughter to my bosom.'

'You are very kind Sir,' he answered; 'many persons, unlike you, are wont to answer with levity to my tractarian offers. There is an

ungodly youth named Boker, a writer of profane plays, residing in Philadelphia, who recently refused, Sir, to take my tracts, on the ground that he knew them all by heart. While rejoiced, Mr. Sloper, to think that he had learned them so thoroughly, I could not but regret to think that he should evade an opportunity to aid me in distributing them. He might have slipped a tract, you know, Sir, into each of his plays before giving it out to be acted ?

'That,' observed Hiram, '*ar a fact!*'

'I was much gratified, Mr. Sloper,' resumed Meister Karl, 'to read your last sketch about the English damsels, whose father adopted such a nice plan to recognize his trunks by having little lobsters and little cheeses painted on them. I at once adopted the plan, Mr. Sloper. That small black pine-wood box with the two rope handles, Sir, is *my* trunk. Remembering that *vigilance* is the best preservative, I had an eye painted on it to remind me that I must watch it carefully.'

'I see,' remarked Hiram, drily, 'you were determined to go one eye on it ?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Meister Karl, delighted that his little device had secured approbation ; 'I would go *two* eyes on it with all my heart, rather than lose the sight of that trunk.'

'Come, come ! Meister Karl,' remonstrated Hiram, 'from the trunk you are going to extremities.'

'I hope not,' replied our friend with amiable simplicity and earnestness ; 'all my tracts are in that trunk, and if it were lost I should be *collapsed*, indeed, as you gentlemen say when talking of steam-boat boilers.'

And with a complacent nod of the head, which showed pretty plain that Meister Karl thought that by talking about a collapsed boiler he had shown himself rather well up on worldly-mindness, he took his departure, while Hiram and I took turns at the mouth of the 'patent invigorator.'

'R - R - R !' gurgled Hiram, completely 'set up' ; 'that beats the Rumbunctious Ready Reviver. By the way, talking of tracts, what a mild posegay that Meister Karl is !'

'It was mighty queer,' said I, how he seemed to believe all that story of mine in the KNICKERBOCKER, about the English girls and cheeses and things.'

'Was n't it true then ?' asked Hiram.

'Not the cheese,' I answered, 'not *all* of it, that is.'

'Well !' quoth Hiram, 'if you were to write out an account of this morning, I dare say that some folks would say it was all made up, so that you 'd come out about square. I wish if you were making it all up you 'd make this infernal old tea-kettle of a steamer arrive at the Cape right-away, immediately, or sooner, if not before !'

'Hiram,' quoth I, solemnly, 'give me that bottle ! Now then ! — presto — AGRAMENTO — CHANGE !'

CAPE MAY.

WHEN we lift up our eyes from a great way off we behold Cape May in the form of a great landing, architecturalized out of pole-logs 'with the

hair' on and surmounted with boards. On the white beach we also behold a quantity of what look like insects, or other bugs, of great and small specie, which, as we draw nigh or nearer approach, turn out to be of four sorts — Jersey wagons and horses, Jerseymen and Christians.

In old times the road from the landing to the hotels, (which goes for two or three miles through the scrubbiest woods in the world,) was made entirely of hay, since nothing could go through the bare sand. There was some economy in this, since the natives always calculated on driving their sand-horses (which nothing could kill) all the time day and night during the season, and as the 'creeters' never go beyond a certain pace, they could eat as well as go. By the end of the season the road was always eaten up or stolen. But after the telegraph-poles were put up and the natives were enabled, says a Philadelphia paper, to find their way to town by following them, they were astonished to find that their town was not 'improved 'bout enough,' as they used to think, and they have really got so far as to make a pretty decent road. 'Things is workin.'

As we got near the town we were amazed by three things, all of which worked us considerably. One was the bumping of the wagon, another the Mount-Vernon Hôtel, intended to accommodate one hundred thousand guests with beds and brandy-smashes, and thirdly, millions of what at first squint seemed to be rags of every size and color, in all sorts of places. As we got up I saw that they were clothes, red, yellow, blue, and the contrary, embracing in the cut as many kinds as complexions. Not to be too particular, I may specify that I saw among them shimmies, breeches, and drawers. The *tout en scramble* resembled the Chatham and Greenwich-street slop-shops broke loose. They hung on clothes-lines, dangled over fences and drawled out of windows in the rowdiest sorts of ways, and I really began to believe that Hiram told the truth when he explained that Jersey, being as it was the head-quarters of all the crows in creation, these were the scare-crows intended to keep them away. But the driver settled the business by saying :

'Them's bathing-clothes.'

'Now, Mace, old fellow,' remarked Hiram as he jumped up to the door of our hotel, 'let 'er slide! Ha-a-y there, Jim, you old rascal — they've got you here — hey?' he cried to a cullud pusson whom he had known of old. 'Well, Perry,' to another, 'look out for my trunks when they come along, Commodore! Colonel Baskhandle, glad to see you! Mr. Blitters, glad to find you cutting around among the capers. All night.'

We had engaged rooms a week before, and by some mysterious dispensation of Providence, got them as soon as we arrived without delay. Not a minute was lost in going to them with the carpet-bags which we had prudently advanced from our baggage, and a short 'twilight' was soon done up in the crispest style possible. In less than no time I was in the parlor — out of it — round about on the balconies — and down at the 'arbor' overlooking the sea; and there, in the last fading rays of sunset, enjoying the ocean breeze, gazing on the glorious ocean, rosier than the sunset, fresher than the breeze, more glorious than the sea, I

welcomed, shook hands with, and all *but* embraced the immortal Amelia Twiggles.

Reader, I rather got you *thar*! Admit now, like a good fellow, that I was n't *adzackly* going it blind when I left New-York and the Astor, and took up my line of march for Cape-Island. May-be — but I hope not — you never saw one of the finest surf-beaches in the world? May-be — but I hope not — you never enjoyed the prospect of bathing in its waters? May-be — but I hope not — you never saw a red sunset-sky over a blue horizon. May-be — but I hope not — you never got away from town and all its speculations? May-be — and there I condole with you — you never were regularly smitten all of a blaze with a merry, spirited, beautiful, educated, sensible woman like Amelia. But if you ever *had* gone through this course of sprouts — mind, I say *if* you had — and had also experienced all of a lump, altogether, in one blessed, blissful, overpowering, high-pressure moment, then you may realize what my sensations were, under the circumstances and the dead leaf-roof of the arbor.

T H E S T A R S .

BY C. C. VAN SANDT.

In the azure arch of heaven
 Stars are keeping watch to-night;
 Fleecy clouds by light winds driven,
 Sailing in their silvery light;
 And I think as far in ether
 I behold the moon's great shield,
 They are flowers the angel's wreathes har,
 Culled from earth's deserted field;
 Flowers that once have loved to linger,
 In a world of human love,
 Touched by Death's decaying finger,
 For a better land above.
 O ye stars! ye rays of glory!
 Gem-lights in yon glittering dome;
 Could ye not relate a story
 Of the wanderers gathered home?
 Ye have seen Life's weary sailor
 Sink beneath the storm-tossed main,
 Do yon beams grow never paler,
 Are not dews the tears ye rain?
 When my dearest hopes are broken,
 And my world in darkness lies,
 Still shine o'er me as a token
 Of the world beyond the skies.

Newport, (R. I.)

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, from CHAUCER to SAXE. With Notes, Explanatory and Critical. By J. PARTON. In one volume: pp. 689. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

THIS is almost 'a book and a half,' so portly are its dimensions: yet large as it is, it is variously and judiciously filled; for here we have narratives, satires, enigmas, burlesques, parodies, travesties, epigrams, epitaphs, translations, including the most celebrated comic poems of 'The Anti-Jacobin,' 'Rejected Addresses,' the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, BENTLEY'S Miscellany, and Punch, with more than two hundred epigrams, and the choicest humorous poetry of the elder and more modern English and American bards. Perhaps we could not better indicate the scope and character of the book, than by giving the compiler's brief and comprehensive preface:

'THE design of the projector of this volume was, that it should contain the Best of the shorter humorous poems in the literatures of England and the United States, except:

'Poems so local or cotemporary in subject or allusion, as not to be readily understood by the modern American reader:

'Poems which, from the freedom of expression allowed in the healthy ages, cannot now be read aloud in a company of men and women:

'Poems that have become perfectly familiar to every body, from their incessant reproduction in school-books and newspapers; and

'Poems by living American authors, who have collected their humorous pieces from the periodicals in which most of them originally appeared, and given them to the world in their own names.

'HOLMES, SAXE, and LOWELL are, therefore, only *represented* in this collection. To have done more than fairly represent them, had been to infringe rights which are doubly sacred, because they are not protected by law. To have done less would have deprived the reader of a most convenient means of observing that, in a kind of composition confessed to be among the most difficult, our native wits are not excelled by foreign.

'The editor expected to be embarrassed with a profusion of material for his purpose. But, on a survey of the poetical literature of the two countries, it was discovered that, of really excellent humorous poetry, of the kinds universally interesting, untainted by obscenity, not marred by coarseness of language, nor obscured by remote allusion, the quantity in existence is not great. It is thought that this volume contains a very large proportion of the best pieces that have appeared.

'An unexpected feature of the book is, that there is not a line in it by a female hand. The alleged foibles of the Fair have given occasion to libraries of comic verse; yet, with diligent search, no humorous poems by women have been found which are of merit sufficient to give them claim to a place in a collection like this. That lively wit,

and graceful gayety, that quick perception of the absurd, which ladies are continually displaying in their conversation and correspondence, never, it seems, suggest the successful epigram, or inspire happy satirical verse.

'There is, certainly, nothing more delightful than the fun of a man of genius. Humor, as Mr. THACKERAY observes, is charming, and poetry is charming, but the blending of the two in the same composition is irresistible. There is much nonsense in this book, and some folly, and a little ill-nature; but there is more wisdom than either. They who possess it may congratulate themselves upon having the largest collection ever made of the sportive effusions of genius.'

We do not remember ever to have heard before of 'R. HARRIS BARHAM,' a modern English comic poet; but he is 'clev-aw' rhythmically off-handish; as witness the commencement of *'The Bagman's Dog':*

'It was a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drowned, and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,
To eat of his bread, and to drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tailed pup!
The Bagman taught him many a trick;
He would carry, and fetch, and run after a stick,
He could well understand
The word of command,
And appear to doze
With a crust on his nose
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand:
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.'

Three verses of the subjoined, by CANNING, we have before encountered; the remainder is as new to us as we hope it will be to our readers:

'WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U
— niversity of Gottingen —
— niversity of Gottingen.

'Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in! —
Alas! MATILDA *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U —
— niversity of Gottingen —
— niversity of Gottingen.

'Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U —
— niversity of Gottingen —
— niversity of Gottingen.

'This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many — they were few
When first I entered at the U —
— niversity of Gottingen —
— niversity of Gottingen.

'There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet MATILDA PORTINGEN!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu —
— tor, law-professor at the U —
— niversity at Gottingen —
— niversity of Gottingen.

'Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.'

The annexed, from PUNCH, capitally illustrates the difference between an actor on the mimic and on the real stage :

'He wore a brace of pistols the night when first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet;
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit-chief, who feels remorse, and tears his hair alone:
I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

'A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he wore;
His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in vain,
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.
I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending bow.

'And once again we met; but no bandit chief was there:
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair:
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near,
He cannot liquidate his 'chalk,' or wipe away his beer.
I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.'

The volume is excellently printed, and conveniently arranged for reference.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Volume Third, pp. 523. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY. CHARLES T. EVANS, Agent, 321 Broadway.

WE have seldom experienced a greater literary pleasure than in reading the announcement at the commencement of the present volume, that, contrary to the author's expectation, his work has so expanded under his pen that his task yet remains uncompleted. He modestly 'hopes that this may not cause unpleasant disappointment.' He may rest assured that the very reverse of this will be the fact. Those who have followed him through the first two volumes will need no additional incentive to the perusal of this, and surely no reader can close the one before us without welcoming another from the same elegant and accomplished writer. The leading article in the July number of the 'North American Review' is upon '*The Character of Washington*,' as set forth in these volumes of Mr. IRVING, and an admirable article it is, in all respects. It is understood to be from the pen of Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN. It pays the following just tribute to the labors of our best-beloved of authors and historians :

'WHEN a new Life of WASHINGTON was announced as forthcoming from the graceful and endeared pen of IRVING, we imagined that our literary pioneer was induced to give the ripe years of his honorable career to this labor of love, by the fortunate possession of fresh *memorabilia*, chiefly relating to the domestic and personal character of his great

subject; and we enjoyed, in anticipation, a fund of new anecdotes and a series of genial pictures of home-life in the Old Dominion, with WASHINGTON as the central figure. This expectation was a natural inference from our author's previous writings, wherein the humorous and the picturesque alternate so agreeably with legend and sentiment. What we already possessed, also, in the shape of biography, suggested the need of a somewhat more detailed and elaborate portrait, one which might represent the man as well as the soldier and the statesman. Recalling the numerous traditional incidents of his early life and the vivid glimpses of his later years, recorded by those who enjoyed the hospitalities of Mount Vernon, it was not difficult to conjure up a delightful sketch, like that which embalms a visit to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, and has made us so well acquainted with Roscoe and Bracebridge Hall. Local associations and amenities of private life are so native to IRVING's genius, that we thus instinctively prefigured his *Life of WASHINGTON* as less didactic and political than MARSHALL's, less historical and official than that of SPARKS, and more familiar and minute than either. These anticipations have been, in a measure, realized by the vividly-narrated details of WASHINGTON's youthful days, the picture of colonial life in Virginia, the personal anecdotes occasionally introduced in the subsequent narrative, and, now and then, by a phrase of quiet humor or an expressive outbreak of sentiment; but, as a whole, the aim of IRVING proves higher, more complete, and of a profounder intent, than our truant fancy prophesied. He dwells, indeed, with characteristic zest, upon a juvenile episode of the tender passion, and fondly exhibits the claims of ancestral distinction, and the nurture of those instincts which come only from gentle blood; he shows that, if his youthful hero is no classical scholar, his copy-books are models of neatness; he does not permit a single element of refinement and natural beauty which influenced the first development of the future leader to escape him; but it soon becomes apparent that literary display and mere entertainment are far beneath the scope of his self-imposed task. He curbs his imagination and simplifies his language, like a man conscious of working in the service of truth. Before the simple majesty of the life he describes, rhetoric shrinks. No metaphor is required to illustrate what is in itself luminous throughout. Words have no value here but to represent things as they are. The facts require no embellishment. The man needs only to be unveiled; to deck him out with eulogy would be impertinent; the biographer's office is to report faithfully, and truth itself becomes eloquence. His aim has been, therefore, in the quaint language of old HERBERT, to 'copy fair what Time hath blurred,' and thus 'redeem truth from his jaws.'

'Accordingly, it is in a thoroughly conscientious spirit that this work is written; a striking evidence of which is in the candid statement of the Tory intrigues in the author's native and beloved State at the commencement of the war. The art manifested is constructive, not rhetorical; and no one but a practised writer can estimate the difficulty of weaving into a consecutive and harmonious whole events so broken up by time and space, and interfused with such a variety of local and social agencies. With a calm and patient research and arrangement, a fluent and pure diction, a judicious interweaving of correspondence and contemporary testimony, the story of WASHINGTON's life is narrated without exaggeration or artifice. So unambitious is the style, so quiet the strain, that, to some readers, it may appear to want spirit, to lack sympathy with the heroic side of WASHINGTON's character, and to flow on in too tranquil and undramatic a vein. And yet this very calmness, this avoidance of rhetorical display and philosophic comment, this reliance on the facts of character for the interest and value of the work, is, in our view, the highest conceivable tribute to the unequalled grandeur of the subject, and the noblest compliment to the national heart. It shows perfect confidence in the power of the sublime lineaments which are reflected from the lucid page, and of the vital import of the events recorded, to win profound attention. Its value is characteristic, not adventitious; and to place such occurrences and a personage like this in the open light of truth has obviously been the single and heart-felt desire of the author. Herein he proves himself adequate to the grateful duty, which he has fulfilled in a manner that makes every true American his debtor.'

No one can read this history of the career of the PATER PATRIÆ, even to

its present point, without seeing how forcibly true are the subjoined remarks of our able reviewer :

'THE difficulties which military leadership involves are, to a certain extent, similar in all cases, and inevitable. All great commanders have found the risks of battle often the least of their trials. Disaffection among the soldiers, inadequate food and equipment, lack of experience in the officers and of discipline in the troops, jealousy, treason, cowardice, opposing counsels, and other nameless dangers and perplexities, more or less complicate the solicitude of every brave and loyal general. But in the case of WASHINGTON, at the opening of the American war, these obstacles to success were increased by his own conscientiousness ; and circumstances without a parallel in previous history added to the vicissitudes incident to all warfare the hazards of a new and vast political experiment. That his practical knowledge of military affairs was too limited for him to cope auspiciously with veteran officers — that his camp was destitute of engineers, his men of sufficient clothing and ammunition — that the majority of them were honest but inexperienced yeomen — that Tory spies and lukewarm adherents were thickly interspersed among them — that zeal for liberty was, for the most part, a spasmodic motive, not yet firmly coëxistent with national sentiment — that he was obliged, month after month, to keep these incongruous and discontented materials together, inactive, mistrustful, and vaguely apprehensive — all this constitutes a crisis like that through which many have passed ; but the immense extent of the country in behalf of which this intrepid leader drew his sword, the diversity of occupations and character which it was indispensable to reconcile with the order and discipline of an army, the habits of absolute independence which marked the American colonists of every rank, the freedom of opinion, the local jealousies, the brief period of enlistment, the obligation, ridiculed by foreign officers but profoundly respected by WASHINGTON, to refer and defer to Congress in every emergency — this loose and undefined power over others in the field, this dependence for authority on a distant assembly, for aid on a local legislature, and for coöperation on patriotic feeling alone, so thwarted the aims, perplexed the action, and neutralized the personal efficiency of WASHINGTON, that a man less impressed with the greatness of the object in view, less sustained by solemn earnestness of purpose and trust in God, would have abandoned in despair the post of duty, so isolated, ungracious, desperate, and forlorn.

'Imagine how, in his pauses from active oversight, his few and casual hours of repose and solitude, the full consciousness of his position — of the facts of the moment, so clear to his practical eye — must have weighed upon his soul. The man in whose professional skill he could best rely during the first months of the war, he knew to be inspired by the reckless ambition of the adventurer, rather than the wise ardor of the patriot. Among the Eastern citizens the spirit of trade, with its conservative policy and evasive action, quenched the glow of public spirit. Where one merchant, like HANCOCK, risked his all for the good cause, and committed himself with a bold and emphatic signature to the bond, and one trader, like KNOX, closed his shop and journeyed in the depth of winter to a far-distant fort, to bring, through incredible obstacles, ammunition and cannon to the American camp, hundreds passively guarded their boards, and awaited cautiously the tide of affairs. While WASHINGTON anxiously watched the enemy's ships in the harbor of Boston, his ear no less anxiously listened for tidings from Canada and the South. To-day, the cowardice of the militia ; to-morrow, the death of the gallant MONTGOMERY ; now the capture of LEE, and again a foul calumny ; at one moment a threat of resignation from SCHUYLER, and at another an Indian alliance of Sir GUY JOHNSON ; the cruelty of his adversaries to a prisoner ; the delay of Congress to pass an order for supplies or relief ; desertions, insubordination, famine ; a trading Yankee's stratagem or a New-York Tory's intrigue ; the insulting bugle-note which proclaimed his fugitives a hunted pack, and the more bitter whisper of distrust in his capacity or impatience at his quiescence ; these, and such as these, were the discouragements which thickened around his gloomy path, and shrouded the dawn of the Revolution in dismay. He was thus, by the force of circumstances, a pioneer ; he was obliged to create precedents, and has been justly commended as the master of 'a higher art than making war, the art to control and direct it,' and as a proficient in those victories of 'peace no less renowned than war,' which, as FISHER AMES declared, 'changed mankind's ideas of political greatness.'

But we propose few extracts from a work whose fair pages, in large clear type, will be in the hands of thousands of our readers before this number of the KNICKERBOCKER will have reached them. Internally and externally, its attractions are such, that it has jumped at one bound to a wide popularity. A superb engraving, from the original picture of WASHINGTON, by STUART, in the Boston Athenæum, fronts the title-page.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By E. S. CREASY. In one volume: pp. 489. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

To those wishing to understand the English Constitution, this work really supplies an important *desideratum*. Its author, a barrister of high standing, and a great admirer of the Constitution of his country, has given to the student of constitutional history, to the lawyer and the statesman, an exposition of the foundation, rise, and progress of the Constitution of England, which throws more light upon the subject, within the compass of a single volume, than any other work we can now call to mind. Originally appearing in pamphlet form, it now appears in a third edition, a handsome volume of over three hundred pages, accompanied by a copious index, a feature so very desirable and yet so often omitted in works of this character.

Unlike the United States, England has no written Constitution, in which the rights of King, Lords, and Commons, are succinctly laid down; she has no compact record of the rights of the people, to which reference can be had in case of dispute; her Constitution cannot be found within a small compass, but spreads over her whole history, from the first inroad into Britain of the Germanic hordes in the fifth and sixth centuries, down to the abdication of JAMES the Second, and the bill of rights passed by Parliament after the accession of WILLIAM and MARY to the throne. In these eleven centuries fruitful of invasions, civil wars, massacres, turmoils, and revolutions, the British Constitution was founded and reared. At one time tottering to ruin and trampled upon by the mailed-foot of some haughty despot, and at another raised again by the watchful patriot and guardian of his country's freedom, it has advanced from feeble and indefinite beginnings until the proud Englishman now boasts that the safeguard of his liberties is second to none in strength and security, and assures to him the great privileges of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' in their grandest and fullest extent. There have been men who denied that there was any such thing as the British Constitution, that inasmuch as there was no complete written monument of it in existence, it could not be said that there was a Constitution. But the author of the work now before us eloquently differs from these doubters, and traces the building of the edifice he so triumphantly describes, step by step from the first corner-stone of the structure to its final completion by the Act of Settlement in 1689. He depicts the high-handed despotism of WILLIAM the Norman and his feudal barons, the jealousy of the great lords both as to each other and the king, and the sufferings of the middle and lower classes, the victims of the rapacity of both. He traces the various causes through the several reigns, until we get to that of JOHN, when the nobles and clergy, led by STEPHEN LANGTON, Archbishop of Canterbury, compelled the false king to assent to the Great Charter, the broad foundation upon which rests the liberties of England, and to which we also refer as the exemplar of the grand truths upon which our own government is founded. Very few in these days of what is so flippantly called 'progress' take time to think of the fearful cost at which the declaration and recognition of the principles of our government, was obtained. Every petty orator,

full of his own conceit, repeats the declarations of *Magna Charta* under the impression that he himself is the origin of those great principles; even those of higher pretensions who aspire to act as legislators in the land, scarce know that such a thing as the Charter exists, and content themselves with a grand flourish of the Constitution — the Constitution — never seeking the history and development of the great bulwarks of our rights, which in time of need, have defended the people as well against a tyrant king as against tyrannical and fanatical legislation. Events within a few years show how important it is for even citizens, without speaking of lawyers and legislators, to be acquainted with the great principles of civil and constitutional liberty. When fanaticism reigned triumphant and men were by accident sent to our Legislature, and there passed an Act trenching upon the rights of the citizen, what was the authority invoked to decide the matter? Why, the solemn declaration forced by the bold barons of England from King JOHN at Runnymede, that no free man could be judged

‘*Nisi per legale iudicium pariam suorum,
Vel per legem terræ.*’

‘unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.’

Yes, *Magna Charta*, rolled out from the dust of over six centuries, taught the neophytes at Albany, that the rights of the people were not to be trampled upon by fledglings floating on the surface of fanaticism as ideas of to-day or yesterday, but that the foundations of those rights were far back in the days when the PLANTAGENETS and TUDORS swayed the sceptre of England.

This volume traces, step by step, as we have said, the erection of the noble structure, and we do not know a work which in so small a space can give so clear an understanding of the long struggle between kingly power and the people, which resulted finally in the explosion for ever of the doctrine of the ‘divine right of kings’ and acknowledged the people as the primary source of all power and authority. And as this principle is the foundation and land-mark of our rights and liberties in this Republic, the student who will not content himself with a superficial knowledge of the foundation of the claim, but will rather dive deeper to the origin and source thereof, will find in Mr. CREASY’S work an introduction which will greatly aid him in his researches and furnish him with a key to this important subject. The want of a work of this kind has long been felt in this country. It brings the knowledge of the great principles of civil liberty home to the doors of the people, who are so deeply interested in their preservation. The works of writers on constitutional law are generally so voluminous as to be out of the reach of the masses who have to take their contents second-hand, mixed with the rabid productions of political hacks, or Fourth-of-July orators, who, almost entirely ignorant of the matter themselves, can scarcely be considered safe instructors of the people. But here we have the pith and marrow of the whole: in the original Latin for the scholar who wishes to criticise the compact and laconic language of the Churchmen and feudal lords of the thirteenth century; and then done into English for the unlearned millions, who always bear the brunt and burthen of the conflict.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our 'Epitaph' Correspondent at Niagara.

'Niagara Falls, August : Monday.'

'DEAR KNICK: My last epistle to you broke off in the midst, or rather with respect to that which was intended to be the theme of it, at the beginning. I must notice one sentiment of satisfaction which creeps over the mind of nearly every one on approaching the great cataract: it is that of being a travelled man, as if every thing most worthy to be seen on earth were concentrated in this wonder, and as if the end of all travel were about to be attained. In museums of art, or in galleries of historical paintings, you frequently find some niche unappropriated, and some frame waiting to be filled up with a particular subject. So in the minds of those who have treasured up many gems of landscape, and picturesque memories of foreign lands, there must always be a vacant space until empietured with Niagara.

'One who is possessed with the true spirit and genius of travelling, like Lady MONTAGUE, or Madame PFEIFFER, or BAYARD TAYLOR, (the Chevalier BAYARD of modern tourists,) would feel as if nothing had been done without having visited the great cataract. Yet there is scarce any thing curious in the world which, when once seen, people seem less disposed or perhaps less able to talk of or to write about. I have never met with any description of it in words, approaching the graphic power which has been expended on natural scenes of much less grandeur, nor has Poetry wreaked upon it its highest expression. No ode has been dedicated to it so sublime as that of COLERIDGE, written in the Valley of Chamouni. Many have written effectively about the vale of Arno, the falls of Terni, or the cataracts of the Nile. From the tour of EUSTACE, and from the numbers of ROGERS, you may obtain a lively impression of delicious Italy, and from many others a good idea of the gaunt solemnity of Egypt.

'But here the writer's vocation appears to be gone, while genius, poetry, and eloquence subside. All is silent, except the cataract. Those who imbibe the spirit of the scene most deeply, say nothing: those who are disappointed turn away; but others after they have taken the pains to buy a feather from a gray eagle's wing, in order to deal justly with their magnanimous thoughts, pare it and cut it to the stump, but can write nothing suitable, either in poetry or prose. One closes up a drawn-out book in these words, and with nothing more: 'O God! I saw Niagara.'

'Pictures and daguerotypes also when taken are of little value. It is impossible to paint motion. What is Niagara without it?

'As to the guide-books, they are meagre in the extreme, and inform you of little

except of the spot where Miss MARTHA RUGG fell over a precipice as she was reaching out to pluck a flower. Where Niagara speaks, the cicerone's occupation is also gone. Walk along the banks of the river from Whirlpool to Suspension-Bridge, from Suspension-Bridge to Horse-Shoe, or American Fall, or Goat-Island. You will meet with individuals in various picturesque or even dangerous positions, seated at the end of some projecting rock, gazing intently down from some point where a startling touch would hurl them into some terrible abyss. Even if securely seated far back upon the ledge of rocks, they are incommunicative, and will scarce give a recognizing glance. I heard one virtuoso making an attempt to instil a realizing sense of the great Horse-Shoe cataract, and equalize it to the conceptions of his friend who was on his way to the West to purchase flour. He computed the amount of water by the hogshead and gallon, and that it would grind up all the corn which could be supplied by the granaries of a world. 'And you will please to observe,' he added, 'that it is like a *chameleon* — that is to say, that it is always different. Look at it as often as you will. There is a black man who has lived here many years, and he will confirm what I say. FRANK, how long have you resided here?'

'Born here, sir.'

'Well, you have looked at that cataract every day of your life, or nearly so, (he was Scottishly accurate.) Do n't it always present a different phase — I mean do n't it look a little different every time?'

'No, massa, always look like pretty much the same old t'ing.'

This raised a good laugh at the expense of the virtuoso, who was vexed to be without such strong confirmation of his remark, and although he put his question in various ways, he could in vain raise the conceptions of his witness to any nice discrimination in the affairs of the 'sublime and beautiful.' To his colored idea Horse-shoe *was* Horse-shoe. If the examiner was a matter-of-fact man, or '*practical*, as DICKENS has it, so was he. In fact, I thought that neither the trotter-out-of Nature's grandest work, nor sable Africa himself were deep as Niagara river just below the Falls. They were each a little shallow, although FRANK was, in one sense, a *deep black*. It is true that all things vary, and especially the scenes of Nature seem to shift with kaleidoscopical changes, as they are presented in new lights, or under deeper shadows. Even that which is most fixed varies to us as our changeable feelings become more quiescent and tranquil; or as we become more qualified to contemplate it as it really is. But to my own mind, an essential element in the sublime of Niagara, is the fact that it is so unchanging, and that it has been, partially, so unchanged. I do not mean that there is no abrasion in such an elemental strife. The adamant shelf is slowly worn. The scene recedes. Inch by inch the cataract retires, kissing away, by its great lip, the mighty ledge. *Basia, et mille, mille basia!* as the loving JOHANNES SECUNDUS would say. Most imperceptibly the spectacle is altered. Pebble after pebble is washed down; the boulder is upheaved, the rocks tumble. A fresh flood continually rolls over the ledge.

'But from the creation until now the like smoke and incense have been perpetually going up. The voice in which it speaks is the utterance of the past prolonged until now, having no echo, for there is no echo of a voice which is unceasing, and a repetition of one implies that it is itself gone. The words of men die away, the tones of the sweet singer and the cadences of the orator, domestic words in which affection murmurs to the ear and heart, are temporary as the summer-birds. But this, like the deep, broad sea, keeps on sounding, and though continual and present,

it seems to come from afar off. It identifies us with an antiquity which is always sublime and solemn, and merges the ages which are past into the brief existence which we are enjoying now. Thus it makes us as old as itself.

'NAPOLEON, as his army was encamped on the sands of the desert, once stretched forth his arm, and said: 'Forty centuries look down upon you from the heights of yon pyramids.'

'But this is the identical voice which sounded long before the Pyramids were built.

'When I listened to it each night upon my pillow, it seemed like the deepest base note of creation. It never varies, and let the wind blow high or low, is never lost to the ear a second. The rock on which the house was builded was profoundly jarred, as if an earthquake shook it, not violently, but perpetually. From deep and far below there came up still that massive, most magnificent base. Its effect is described by one who, in a single suggestive sentence, has concentrated nearly all which he would record of Niagara: 'It is loud enough to annul the sound of a thousand cannon, yet it would not drown the chirping of a bird.'

'TUESDAY. — It is like putting your hand on the lion's mane, to stand on Table-Rock, within a few feet of the terrible brink. Above the Falls it looks like a tumultuous sea, for the outlet is broad, and the descent is so great that the horizon soon comes down and bounds the prospect. The water on the edge of the precipice, just before the plunge, is smooth as an unruffled lake. By its projectile force it is carried far over the ledge in a broad curve, thence falls in massive columns, or its great volume is twisted and braided by opposing rocks, and as the sun shines upon it, its colors are gorgeous beyond description, sea-green and emerald; but at the bottom of the cauldron white as milk. Innumerable swallows glance up and down in their angular flight, catching, momentarily, on their sleek wings, the hues of the rain-bows, disporting in the fine spray, which ever ascends in a cloudy column, and sometimes appearing to snatch a sip from the lip of the cataract.

'In winter the wild duck comes and rests upon the smooth surface, goes half-way down the curve, rises up on wing, and wheeling round, repeats again and again the defiant feat. I sat for hours on the summit of the Indian Pagoda, overlooking the whole scene and striving so to impress it on the mind that it would never be forgotten, glancing by turns down the Niagara River, then over at the American shore, where, in a thinner sheet and divided in the midst, but a thousand feet in width, the fall descends; then at Goat-Island and its adjacent tower, the Rapids and great Horse-Shoe Cataract.

'During the intervals of gazing, some moments may be passed profitably in looking at the museum of natural curiosities on Table-Rock. There you will see things suitable to a place where nature is so grand; superb eagles, solemn owls, bones of the mastodon who fed upon the foliage which in primeval times shrouded the cataract in its gloomy shadow, vast relics of monsters of the deep, skeletons of birds of prey, an array of bright-plumed, yet mute birds upon the perch, and many other things.

'Four wolves were chained to so many stakes in a neighboring inclosure, part of a pack who had strayed away and been captured on a western prairie. They were lean and yellow, resembling a group of saucy, filthy Constantinopolitan dogs. I much desired to hear them bark. A boy kindly consented to give them the key-note for a shilling. He placed the hollow of his hand before his mouth and produced a curl-like yelp. In an instant they became excited, pulled violently at their chains, then pointed their noses skyward, stretched out their lean necks and joined together in a most lamentable and lugubrious wail, enough to make the day hideous.

'From Clifton House a carriage-road winds easily and gradually to the base of the

precipitous banks and to the brink of the river. Some years ago a tall Highlander in his picturesque costume stood sentry at the ferry, but his regiment has been removed, perhaps his bones grow white in the Crimea and he has gone on long fur lough to the eternal land. He struck my eyes at the time as comporting grandly with the place, standing with his bare legs fixed and motionless upon the rock, while scenes from *ROB ROY* came back as depicted by the vivid imagination of SCOTT. Pressingly importuned to ride down this hill by the proprietors of carriages, who are as lively and vociferous as any at NIBLO's Garden when the pantomime is over, I always begged the privilege of going on foot. There are some places in the descent where an accidental tip-over might result in an aerial fall, something like that of *VULCAN*, as described in *HOMER's Iliad*. The 'Maid of the Mist' just touched at the wharf as I made my excursion to-day, but I took a small boat in preference to embarking on the steamer. The boatman pulled with lusty sinews against the boiling current. It is a short but most exhilarating excursion, bringing you into full presence of both falls, and as you near the American shore you get a refreshing bath in their fine spray.

'Spent an hour or two this morning in repeating these trips, in going to-and-fro. What river in the world, with so grand a spectacle in view, gashing its way through such superb cliffs, narrow indeed, and yet so full, so deep, so pure, its waves so solemnly excited from their recent fall. I could not pass it merely for the sake of getting to the opposite shore as if it were the Brooklyn ferry. I would sooner go to the other shore for the sake of crossing the river.

'On landing after one of these excursions, I saw an immense cat-fish. He must have weighed twenty pounds, and was caught in sixty or seventy feet of water on a hook baited at night. Coming from such a cool and deep grotto at the base of the cliffs his flesh was exceedingly consistent and substantial, and although the inferior members of the cat-fish family, educated in ordinary streams, are nothing to brag of, this one must have been as toothsome when served up as fine salmon. Two men carried his fishship on a pole, as they would a large bunch of Palestine grapes. I think, on reflection, that he must have weighed full forty pounds, and he was worthy of the great cataract near which he was 'brought up.'

'WEDNESDAY. — Devoted to a long walk on the banks of the river as far as Whirlpool, in spite of many earnest protestations from 'gentlemen of the whip,' and repeated offers to be taken up at the road-side. But there are a hundred points where it is desirable to pause and look down at the boiling current, some so steep and sheer as to make the head giddy, and you think you could drop a plummet two hundred feet below into the wave. In other spots the tops of lofty trees far, far beneath, out-jutting shrubs and tangled vegetation appear as if they might intercept you in a fall, but there are few places so gradual in descent that you could venture to scramble down with ease. It was a walk upon a river's brink, but high up in the realm of the eagle and the swallow. You pass beyond Suspension Bridge into a path on the forest's edge, and then all below is a scene of turmoil and yeasty confusion, as if a hundred sea-monsters were pent up in the rocks, and wagged their powerful tails, lashing the waves into a perfect syllabub, and then you come to Whirlpool, which receives inevitably into its suction the waifs of every kind, *nantes in gurgite*; a horse repeats his tread-mill round in death, and *SAMUEL PATCH's* brethren (in his melancholy fall) revolve perpetual.

'Few rural feelings are excited about the spot, for your eyes are riveted upon Scylla or Charybdis, and upon the waves which are tumultuous as the sea in a storm. Dry furs and cedars cast their dark shadows over the rock-bound coast.

'THURSDAY. — Rode over to Lundy's Lane, Boiling Spring, and other places of note in the vicinity, with a lively Irishman, who professed himself full of legendary lore, and that by his talents and information he could illustrate every step of the way; a promise which he redeemed pretty well, ever and anon turning his sandy head about, as he sat on his coach-box, and pointing merrily with his whip here and there. The atmosphere was deliciously cool, and the ride charming.

'The city of the Falls is not yet built, although it was designed and mapped out many years ago. To men of wealth, who can indulge in landscape gardening, what place more desirable for a summer residence than the neighborhood of Niagara, where, from many choice positions on the heights, a full view, or at least a valuable glimpse can be had of the whole fresh and glorious scene.

'FRIDAY. — 'The Maid of the Mist,' as seen from the high bank, has a cunning and lilliputian look, in accordance with yonder pigmies assembled on the wharf, who are just preparing to go on board. How pertly and with what easy assurance she peeps into the various coves, and keeps her flippant wheels a-going, now and then emits a shrill scream as she bounces like a duck upon the boiling waves, plunges with her bows almost into the fall, when, just as you would think that she was about to be submerged, she shys off with a coquetting air and glides down the stream in triumph.

'One does not like to go away without a voyage in this steamer, and I accordingly embarked. You cannot set foot on her deck without an excitement and anticipation almost like that of crossing the Atlantic. There is a slight bustle, a gay and pleasurable interchange of glances among the small group who are to be companions in this unique adventure. It is a bond of fellowship which, if they have keen perceptions, may make them remember each other for the rest of their lives. The plank is withdrawn, there is no time to be lost, you are about to plunge at once *in medias res*. You repair to the dressing-room, put on the water-proof garments, and with your head hooded, huddle together with the ungainly throng upon the upper deck. In a few moments you are almost blinded with the mist, you are at the foot of the cataract, a semi-circular wall of waters, one hundred and fifty feet in height, rises immediately before you, the little boat is strongly agitated. You stand in very front of the majestic presence, clouds of incense roll around your brow, and then the sound of many waters, the thundering and detonations, the rainbows and fragment of rainbows which are seen all about in the air, the violent whizzing of the spray which dashes against and rolls down your armor, and the great breeze which is generated before the mighty curtain of the Fall; these and many other indescribable apparitions which confound the senses in the course of a few brief seconds, make you feel as if you were in the midst of a wild dream, or confronting some spectacle in a grander planet. Would that more time could be allowed to gaze. Open your eyes if you can. Look before you and around. It is impossible to anchor in this vortex: already your PALINURUS has put his hand to the helm: your back is upon the scene: you are gliding forth into a wild river which seems as smooth as a stream in a meadow compared with the tumult which you have just left. The fairy architecture of a bridge swung high in air, and seemingly as light as spider's web from the effect of distance, yet strong as adamant and most gigantic, fascinates your eye. It must be from the inspiration of the scene that one of the noblest of man's inventions has been thus built up before the noblest work of God in all the natural world. This little voyage is enough adventure for a day.

'SATURDAY. — Sat for two hours gazing at the rock where AVERY clung for a night and a day on the verge of death, while the shores and bridges, heights and

house-tops were black with spectators. What long-protracted, tantalizing hours! Not death, but dying! The monumental stone on which the poor man was excruciated retains its firm position still among the breakers, and fancy chisels the victim's epitaph upon its jagged surface. Through a long summer's day it seemed like a little islet on the dividing line betwixt eternity and time. The crowds upon the shore appeared to him like ministering angels; clouds of witnesses to uphold him in brave desire, and sending many a mute token over the troubled wave; but he was just beyond the reach of salvation. The unavoidable abyss on which he trembled, surrounded as it was with splendors and with horrors, was a physical portrayal of that which we must all pass over as spiritual beings; and when the sun sank low and no more rainbow colors gleamed upon the mist, when fate relaxed his desperate grasp, and when he neared the smooth, calm brink, and rose breast-high in the air, and flung his arms aloft before the plunge, the silent multitudes subsided with a sad relief. They went and laid their heads upon their pillows, and like those who had been dreaming all the day, 'as it were they awoke into sleep to find the vision true.'

'SUNDAY. — Went to church in the morning. The piety of the lovers of nature resident at the Clifton, was not of the highest order, for, although there was a goodly crowd at breakfast, and they ate with a zest, not over a dozen of them got into the omnibus, which drew up before the door at ten o'clock, to convey those who wished to go to a church two miles off. These were mostly English, who set a good example to the rest by punctually worshipping and by poking their heads in their hats during prayers. The curate, a young man, preached an excellent sermon, but the whole aspect of the church, within and without, was enough to chill even a sanguine heart. Although the population round about was by no means sparse and the day was beautiful, there were not over thirty 'beloved brethren' assembled in a building ill-situated, uninviting, and altogether rude.

'In the afternoon crossed the river to walk once more upon Goat-Island. Whoever should build his own castle there and cut off its connection with the main, would monopolize a great deal of the outward manifestations of God to himself. As you approach by an intervening islet, you hear the sound of mill-wheels and the clatter of machinery, as if enterprise hardly knew how to keep its hands off; but if we except the association of ideas, the mill is so placed as to occasion no damage to the prospect, and encroach on no point of observation. The owner permits his great gift, which was not intended for him alone, to be enjoyed by others, and has probably left the island in a state of nature. Oh! how solemnly grand it is! Its ancient woods have been untouched by the axe; as the tree falls so it lies, and its gigantic trunk retains its old proportions still, as it is stretched out in the sepulchral shade like a mummy embalmed in the sublimity of the place. To-day the venders of nick-nacks are swept from the vestibule, but there were not a dozen worshippers assembled in the cathedral. I looked down through the majestic aisles of trees; beneath the leafy dome there was perceptible a sweet perfume, and afar off I saw the white smoke, as of incense going up. A lulling murmur first stole upon my ear, followed by the deep base of the grand organ, and then the everlasting cataract discoursed as it has done from the creation on the magnificent attributes of God.

'If there are many intelligent persons who express a genuine disappointment with Niagara, it must be accounted for from the fact that it contains many elements of the sublime which must be analyzed before it can be realized in its full and perfect majesty; that its first effect is to stun and paralyze, or perhaps from the grand

scale and equal proportion of surrounding objects, or rather the greatest of God's works, like those of men, lack something by which they can be immediately and truly revealed to obtuse and imperfect perceptions.

F. W. S.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — The subjoined is the original draft of a letter from our friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' which was written at St. Paul, Minnesota, the latter part of June. In the course of a private note to the Editor, the writer says: 'It strikes me that your *DIE VERNON* must be something of a 'Brick-ess.' Is n't that the 'lady' for 'Brick?' She ought to have been at the Fall of Minnehaha! *That* is the spot! If Niagara is the mother, Minnehaha is the daughter of waters — a belle as lovely as ever laughed away the rosy hours.'

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.: Steamboated it from Mackinaw down Lake Michigan to Chicago, had a savage head-wind the entire voyage of thirty-six hours, and half the passengers 'lake'-sick. Passed and stopped at SHEBOYGAN, *à propos* of which town I heard a very sedate, grave-looking old gentleman state, *as a fact*, that it derived its name thus: An Indian chief, whose favorite squaw 'kept on' presenting him with female infants, on being informed that he was again a father, grunted out — 'Ugh! s'pose SHE BOY 'GAIN!' from which arose the name of this town! Chicago, with its rush, whirl, dust, and commotion, always reminds me of a locomotive stopped for an instant at a station, but ready at a moment's warning to move on with lightning speed. Three houses on rollers, travelling through its streets, only confirmed this impression; and anxious to get the start of this grand move, I hurried through, took the cars for Dunleith, and in a dozen hours was snugly domiciled in the Argyle House, a hotel, new, large, well kept, and ahead of any thing in the opposite city of Dubuque. Taking the 'Ocean Wave,' a very comfortable boat, at night I commenced my voyage of nearly four hundred miles to St. Paul. The scenery of the Upper Mississippi will perhaps never be sung to death, like the Danube or Nile, but it will be spoken of and thought of as long as it retains one single feature of its primitive wildness and natural beauty. Such sky-scraping hills, covered to their summits with waving grass and oak-trees, such bright green prairies, such noble old forests marching down to the water's edge; and then the sunsets! The idea of American artists going to Italy for scenery! *Parbleu*, shall this thing be? Part of a regiment of U. S. soldiers, bound from Governor's Island, N. Y., to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, were on board the boat. They were in right good spirits, and all on fire for an 'Injun skrimitch.' Some distance below St. Paul some of the soldiers espied along the river bank three or four Indians paddling along in a canoe. 'At once there rose so loud a yell,' with cheers, that the 'Injuns' stopped paddling, and as our boat shot up-stream, one of the boys, with Gotham still thick upon him, jumped for an elevated stand, and with his left-hand thumb in real 'bus-driver style, yelled out to them, 'Up Broadway! Ride up!' The ludicrousness of the thing owed its whole force to the entirely opposite ideas called up by the scene before us and the associations connected with the words, and seemed one of the most piquant little bits of humor I ever witnessed.

'Reaching St. Paul I was fortunate enough to find a room in the WINSLOW House,

a hotel of a better description than I had expected to find a thousand miles from the Monteaule of Niagara. But so we go. There is no WEST this side of the Rocky Mountains. The situation of St. Paul, on a high bluff commanding a beautiful view of the Mississippi and of the country for miles on miles in every direction, is admirable. The cool weather spoken of in books as 'abounding' in Minnesota during the summer season has its exceptions, the past few days being intolerably hot, with the thermometer making love to 90° and upwards.

'St. Anthony's Falls! If you want to see what water *can* do, how it can make a jump over some thousands on thousands of logs, ditto sticks and stones, turn saw-mills, grist-mills, and sundry and divers other manufactories, after all looking like a sewer pitching over the top of a lime-box, buy a ticket through to St. Anthony. I am down on these Falls, because they are not such as represented. The engravings of them that I have seen show wild and natural scenery around them, instead of which they are hedged in by the towns of St. Anthony, Minneapolis, etc., and you can hardly see the Falls, for the mills and logs mentioned above.

'St. Paul has gone wild on the subject of land speculation. The last case of this mania on record is that of a young speculator, TERENCE O'CRACKBRAIN, who was seen out in a hard rain-storm lately, no hat on his head, stamping furiously, on a small lot he owns in the centre of the town.

'Hulloa, CRACK,' shouted some one to him from under an umbrella. 'What are you doing there?'

'By ——!' roared CRACK, 'this land of mine is *rising* so fast I've got to stand on it to keep it from going up *too high*!'

'The Fall of Minnehaha! You should see this at sunset. You should close your eyes, or at least cast them groundward, till you have clambered down the ravine, and then, reaching the dancing water below, look up suddenly and see—the Fall of Minnehaha, the leap of Laughing Waters! Their memory will cling to you in after-days, as the realization of some fountain of waters painted by Fancy in life's early hours, while reading an Eastern tale—a bright little bit from BOCACIO, or a dainty description of Fairy Land. The sunset-tints of the sky, reflected on the very edge of the Fall, the black water breaking into the crystal veil of drops, the misty, dreamy view, as walking behind the Fall you look through the waters at the deep pool below, the brown earth-banks, the vivid hue of tree and grass, the rising spray. You will learn how good a thing is a merry heart after a visit to Minnehaha.

H. P. L.'

We must visit that musical spot. - - - SELDOM have we been so intensely interested, as in the perusal of a small pamphlet, which we received from a friend and correspondent in Zanesville, Ohio, (published by Messrs. GILLMORE AND BENNETT, printers and publishers in that pleasant town,) entitled, '*The Thrilling Narrative of Edgall, Pearson, Gatwood, and Savage, who were Rescued after having been Buried Alive Seven Hundred Feet under Ground, for Fourteen Days and Thirteen Hours, without Food, in the Blue Rock Coal-Mines.*'

This title, long as it is, could not be made less short, nor more expressive than it is. It tells the whole story in brief; yet the wonderful *details* almost weaken the bare record of the facts. Mr. ROBERT H. GILLMORE, of the above-named publishers, is the writer of the exciting narrative before us, which is scrupulously correct in all its particulars. In reporting it, the writer confined himself exactly to the statements given to him by the men

themselves, and as far as possible, using their specific language. During two entire days, he heard the accounts of each, and as each one told his story, his recollection was assisted by that of his companions; and thus were obtained not only the minute facts, but *all* the facts. Much of it was written upon the very ground where the calamity occurred, and while the excited multitude were laboring for the rescue of the poor sufferers. Before quoting from the pamphlet before us, it should be premised that the *Blue Rock Coal-Mines* are situated on the west bank of the Muskingum river, in an angle formed by the confluence of a small stream known as the 'Blue-Rock Run,' with that river, in Harrison township, Muskingum county, Ohio. The mine which fell in, it is stated, had been conducted in an unusually reckless manner. There was directly over it a hill, two hundred and twenty feet high; but with all this immense pressure, many of the rooms in the mine were *forty feet square*, with very few and very small supporting pillars. When the mine fell in, at eleven o'clock in the morning, on the twenty-fifth of April last, twenty persons, some of whom were lads, were employed in it: Some were standing at the mouth of the platform, at the mouth of the entry: others, on the inside, saved themselves by a precipitate flight. Thus, save the four persons named as above, sixteen escaped. An attempt was at once made for the rescue of the imprisoned men. The water was drawn off from the entrance to the mine, and the excavation commenced. 'The labor and danger involved in this,' says Mr. GILLMORE, 'can scarcely be appreciated by one who was not on the ground. It was necessary to combine the greatest possible speed with the utmost caution. A single false step would have brought a terrible destruction upon the excavators; for during their labors, the crumbling hill hung with tens of thousands of tons of pressure, imminent and threatening above their heads! Within six hours after the men were rescued, more than fifty feet of the mine fell in. If operations had been delayed that length of time, the workmen would have been inevitably killed, and the imprisoned miners would, beyond doubt, have perished by a lingering death in their terrible prison.' The writer goes on to say:

'CAN history point us to an example of heroism more deserving honor, than that of the brave men who labored night and day, although every moment in danger of a sudden and terrible death, to rescue these four persons, who were bound to them only by the ties of a common humanity?

'The advance was made step by step. Three men only could work at a time. Indeed it may be said that every foot gained, was the work of a *single individual*, for there was room for but one workman in front; the others, behind him, received the fragments as he passed them back. Posts and caps were used to support the falling roof. The material encountered was principally rock, sometimes in small fragments, at others in immense masses, lying in every conceivable position. In one direction, the rock would split with the freedom of a chestnut log; in the other it was almost as tough and stubborn as iron.

'The work was continued in this mode, night and day, with varying success, for fourteen days. An immense concourse was, most of the time, on the ground. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining workmen. Miners flocked to the rescue of their brethren from miles around. Merchants and farmers clothed themselves in miner's costume, and joined in the common labor. Brave hearts and stout arms at last gained the victory.'

'*The Fourteenth and Last Day at the Mine*,' records the long suspense and final rescue:

'The miners are getting along slowly. A large rock has fallen slantingly into the entry, and there is no way but to block it up and excavate under it; they are afraid the rock will give them trouble. It is possible that it may slip, and if so, a large amount of loose rock and earth will follow. It is dangerous working at best. The whole hill above is crumbling, and the props are very insecure against such an immense pressure. The foul air is also very troublesome. The workmen do not experience any difficulty in breathing; but their lights will not burn. The 'damp' seems to be lodged in *nests*: sometimes a lamp will go out one foot distant from the spot where it will burn freely. Sometimes it will burn best at the top of the mine, and sometimes it will go out there, but will burn very well at the bottom. It has been necessary to weather-board the passage on the sides and over-head, and stop all the cracks with clay, to prevent the ingress of foul air.

'Conversed with a miner who was at work yesterday when the discovery was first made that the men were alive: says their attention was arrested by a smothered 'humming,' like that of men holding subdued conversation. Listening attentively, they then heard them walking about over the track. Having given a halloo, it was responded to. Then called to them, asking if all were well; reply, 'All are well; but our lights are out.' They next inquired if any had been killed by the accident. Garwood was anxious to know if his wife and friends were near him. None of them seemed to have any idea of time.

'At one o'clock P.M. — Bad news. The men are not progressing in their work, in consequence of foul air. Their lamps cannot be kept burning. They are compelled to work with the light fifteen or twenty feet distant. A workman has just come out who says that they have not been excavating for an hour. A new experiment is being tried. Mirrors have been taken in to reflect the light. A man has been sent off post-haste, for a globe lamp, with the hope that they may succeed in making it burn. Things look gloomy. Some are predicting that the men will never be got out alive. A workman just from the inside, says that the poor fellows are complaining of being very hungry. They are anxious to know why the noise of digging has ceased; they say they cannot stand it much longer. It is supposed that only about five feet of earth yet remain to be taken out. Edgell seems to be in low spirits. Seems to think he will not get out alive; has sent messages to his friends, telling them not to grieve for him, that if he dies he will die happy. The mirror experiment is a failure. It has been abandoned. The globe lamp has also had to be thrown aside. It will not burn.'

At this time, not less than a thousand persons are on the ground, a great proportion of whom are females. Listen to a portion of the painful bulletin at this period:

'Good news! A car has just come out loaded with earth and rock. The men are at work again, and working bravely. The police have great difficulty in keeping people outside the rope.

'A report is current that the men have been reached, but is directly contradicted. Another workman just from within. A hundred voices in different directions are calling out, 'Pete come here!' 'Come here, Pete,' 'Get on the platform and tell us all about it.' We get his attention for a moment. He says they are getting along finely, that they have got to a place where they can see eight or nine feet over the rubbish. The roof of the mine is becoming very good and safe. Does not know any thing about Edgell and his companions; has n't heard them for some time. Cars are coming out frequently, loaded with pieces of stone, and each one makes an excitement in the crowd as it appears. A rush ensues, so that it is not possible to keep the way clear.

'The workmen inform us that they have greatly reduced the size of the excavation, it being the object now to make an entrance just sufficient to admit of the passage of a man. The last time a conversation was had with the poor fellows buried within, they seemed to have lost all courage, and as they left the place where their conversations take place, to retire to a safer position, they declared that they were going back to lie down and die.'

Reader, try to conceive the horror of all this! But suffice it to say, at last—and it was a long time before it was accomplished—they were all rescued alive; blacker than negroes, pinched in their features, with great white eyes, wild and prominent; and white furrows down their cheeks, from the tears shed in awful darkness and silence! The only food they had had for fourteen days was the dinner prepared for two brother miners! Physicians were in waiting for them, to treat them medically, and to prevent excess from satisfied hunger. But we must draw our synopsis of this most

thrilling narrative to a close; contenting ourselves with a passage which embraces a fragment of the community-account of the experience of the sufferers:

'At one time, as he was frequently in the habit of doing, EDGELL went with NED SAVAGE to the break-down. Arriving at it, he crept as far forward in the crevice as was possible, and stopped to listen. Immediately he heard the dull sound of a pick, evidently at work in the entry. The sound seemed to be communicated by the wooden rail or run which occupied the middle of the entry. 'Then,' he says, 'I commenced pounding upon the run with a piece of sulphur-stone or 'nigger-head,' in the hope that I might be able to make myself heard. I also hallooed two or three times, but was not able to get any reply. I remained some time, and then went back to the room and said, 'Boys, I hear them digging.' They would not believe me. After this, I made my visits more frequently, intending to go down every hour, but I suppose that the intervals were longer than this. Two days, I presume, must have elapsed before I was able to make them hear me. When this occurred, GATWOOD was with me. I had called out as usual and this time heard an answer. What it was, I could not understand, but I knew it to be the voice of a man. I said, 'Jim, I hear them halloo;' he answered, 'It is only your imagination, BILL.' Then I waited awhile and called again; we both heard the reply this time. We then went back to the room and told PEARSON, but could not convince him but that we were mistaken. In about half-an-hour, as we thought, I went back again, taking NED SAVAGE with me. This time I heard them at work plainly, and when I called to them, some one replied, 'Is that you BILL, for God's sake?' 'It is I,' I said; 'who is it that speaks to me?' 'You do n't know me,' the voice replied. I then asked him if all the miners had got out alive. He said they had, and inquired if we were all alive; I replied we were, and mentioned the names of those who were with me. I inquired for my father, and received for reply that he had just gone out with a car load of dirt. He told me to go back and keep out of danger; that they would have us out before long. The next time I went down, GATWOOD was with me. Before we left, PEARSON told me to ask what day it was, and accordingly when I got down I made the inquiry and was told that it was Thursday. I supposed from this, that we had been in only to the Thursday following the accident, making six days, instead of thirteen as I discovered after we were rescued. We were all of the same opinion, and were rather surprised to find that it had been even that long. After this, our visits were frequent, but the conversation was very much the same. We were at all times anxious to know what time it was, and how they were getting along. We heard the last falling-in, which occurred about seven hours before we were rescued, but as it did not make much noise on our end of the entry, we were not alarmed by it. After this the diggers did not seem to work with the same spirit, until we called to them not to be discouraged as but little had fallen. We told them we could stand it two days longer. EDGELL says: 'I then commenced digging myself, throwing the pieces of rock behind me; GATWOOD assisted, and, I think, we advanced in this way about four feet toward our rescuers. We were told to go back and keep quiet: we did so for a while. The next time I returned I saw a light, and immediately ran back to the boys and told them, I wanted them to go back with me; 'for,' said I, 'we can get out now.' They did not follow me for some minutes. I returned by myself, and in making my way toward the light, which shone through a crevice, I placed my hand on GEORGE LYONS' knee. He had crawled through to our side. He threw his arms around me and said, 'Is that you BILL?' I replied, 'It is that; where's the hole?' He told me to stay where I was, and inquired for the other boys. Having told him where they were, he started back; and while he was gone, JOHN ALTERS, Jr., from Zanesville, came through the hole and helped me out. SAVAGE soon followed me, then PEARSON; and GATWOOD, who had stopped to take a drink of copperas-water, came out last. PHILIP McLAUGHLIN took off his coat and threw it over me. I walked to within twenty feet of the mouth of the entry. The others having had clothing thrown over them were wheeled out in the cars. We were placed in rocking-chairs, and carried to our respective homes. It was a few minutes after one o'clock when we were rescued. We had been entombed in the mountain *fourteen days and thirteen hours*. When we went in, there was not a bud open upon the trees; *the morning after we were rescued, we looked from our windows and beheld the forest clothed in green. We never before knew what a beautiful earth it was!*

Poor fellows! no wonder the outer world looked pleasant to them! And now, was there ever a more horrible situation? — a more miraculous escape?

Any thing better than the subjoined illustration of *Categorical Courtship*,

we can safely assume, no reader of the Drama, for many a day, has encountered:

'I SAT one night beside a blue-eyed girl —
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other:
'T was nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November:
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

'Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammered, coughed, and stuttered;
But some how, nothing to the point had uttered.

'I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

'I did n't know how to begin, or where —
I could n't speak — the words were always choking;
I scarce could move — I seemed tied to the chair —
I hardly breathed — 't was awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seemed losing.

'At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that;
My doubts, like summer-clouds, began to scatter;
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said: 'Come, Puss, ask MARY if she 'll have me.'

'T was done at once — the murder now was out.
The thing was all explained in half-a-minute;
She blushed, and turning pussy-cat about,
Said: 'Pussy, tell him 'yes;' her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here 's the catastrophe of my story.'

'Little RHODY' turns out this through the well-conducted columns of the *Providence Daily Journal*. - - - WHEN DOW, JR., used to contribute his '*Short Patent Sermons*' to the '*Sunday Mercury*,' of this city, we used often to quote from them. Mr. Dow is now in California, and is preaching in the golden columns of the '*Golden Era*,' whence we extract, from one of its latest discourses, the following passage:

'In a poem called '*The Deserted Village*,' by OLIVER GOLDSMITH, page — according to the size of the print, my text may be found:

'AND still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew!'

'My HEARERS: Our text, as you may know, has reference to the diminutive caput of of a country school-master, which became the admirable wonder and astonishment of all the little popinjays by whom he was surrounded. It was, indeed, a marvel to them how so small a knowledge-box could possibly contain such an astounding amount of verbs, adjectives, nouns, and figures, and not burst, like an over-charged field-piece. As the great solar light of a miniature world, he no doubt considered his own head as

a prize pumpkin — himself as a fortunate wonder — an emperor by decree of Providence. With a nob worthy of being ranked as one of the 'seven wonders of the world,' and with a hand remarkable for the execution of summary justice, he might well exclaim:

'From the centre all round to the wall,
I'm lord of the fool and the brute!'

'My brethren: it is indeed remarkable what an enormous quantity a human noddle not bigger than a summer-squash can sometimes be made to hold. A case in point: There was once a man who pitched his tent upon the other side of Jordan. He was the proprietor of a small head, *geographically* speaking, but full of elephantine ideas. Retired from the busy hum and bustle of city life, he communed with Thought and thought-breeding books. Being addicted to few words, and those not of the fattest species, many of his country-folk guessed that his mental meat-shop was but scantily supplied, since so little escaped through his oral orifice; while others, more closely inspecting that little, observed that it had the 'color,' as you miners say up in the mountains. Well, my friends, an accident happened to this mortal on a day: he shed his mortality — as you and I, and the immortal author of 'Hiawatha' will be likely to do in process of time. To satisfy an idle curiosity, his soulless cranium underwent a thorough exploration; and what do you think, brethren, was found crammed into this little skull? To wit: a copy of WEBSTER'S Quarto Dictionary, complete; MALTE BRUN'S Universal Geography; ROLLIN'S Ancient History, in twelve volumes; PALEY'S Moral Philosophy, 18mo, bound in sheep; JOSEPHUS, entire, hog-hide binding; BUNYAN'S Pilgrim's Progress, half-digested; BURKE on the Sublime and Beautiful; RICE on the Ridiculous and Homely; DABOLL'S Arithmetic, in perfect order — figures being too stubborn facts for digestion; several ponderous works upon Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Law, Political Economy, and the Occult Sciences. Yes, and among the rest were discovered the 'obliterations' of a New-York edition of your presumptuous preacher's Sermons. The conclusion arrived at by the jury of inquest was, that said mortal came to his death by congestion of several tons of facts, figures, philosophy, clammy literature and patent sermons.

'I knew another man, who dwelt upon the opposite side of Jordan to the human with the little wonderful head. He lived in a pompous city; he went to his daily work in fine broad-cloth; he wore diamonds upon his shirt and fingers; he carried in his hand a golden-headed cane, and upon his shoulders a monstrous globular protuberance, possessing the property of brass. The latter had a hole in front, from whence issued such an everlasting stream of general information, that many a simple one looked upon him as rich in wisdom, even beyond his own unbounded conceit. Upon a certain day, my brethren, the stream from that mammoth reservoir of knowledge suddenly ceased to flow: it had dried up for ever. The bulky, and apparently ponderous concern was opened; and *what* do you imagine, my dear friends, was found within? Nothing at all, but the yellow cover to a copy of NED BUNTLINE'S 'Mysteries and Miseries,' and the shrivelled-up skin of a solitary defunct idea, that had evidently died of starvation in its meridian prime!

'O brethren! there is no telling how much may be stowed into a diminutive head, nor how little into many a big one. But, in packing heads with wisdom and useful knowledge, a particular order and system must be observed. If properly packed, you will be as much astonished at the quantity they are capable of containing, as you would in stuffing a gum-elastic travelling-bag with socks and shirt-collars. Children's heads, especially, should never be crowded with miscellaneous duds. Let knowledge, in small parcels, be carefully placed therein, and the quantity increased by slow degrees, as Honesty gets to Heaven. Their little tender capsules, if prematurely crowded, are too apt to turn out but leaky vessels for ever after. At the best, endeavoring to stuff them for any particular future purpose, is only knocking, as my printer would say, every thing into *pt*.

'No particular advantage, my friends, is ever derived by excessive taxation of the youthful mind. I remember once, when about knee-high to a milking-stool, my

maternal guardian sending me across lots to a neighbor's some half-a-mile distant, with a painfully formal message. It ran thus: 'Mother sends her compliments to Mrs. WARNER, and would be happy of her company at tea, this afternoon.' Before starting, I was made to rehearse and re-rehearse it, till it was thought firmly glued to my memory. It was a load to carry, but I started with it upon a run, for fear it might grow cold and become too stiff for ready use. After having cleared a dozen stone-fences, and finding a chip-squirrel in about every third one to distract my thoughts, I had completely forgotten the precise arrangement of the verbal document. Nothing daunted, however, I paddled boldly into the presence of her ladyship, and pulled it out, thuswise: 'Muvver wants — muv says, Mrs. WARNER would be happy to send her 'complishments, and must bring some company to tea to-morrow afternoon.' Your humble servant can hardly refrain from smiling when he now looks back and considers with what innocent authority he *ordered* Mrs. WARNER to the performance of a social duty — and that upon the wrong day! But, my brethren, we are no longer children, and can manage our original and borrowed ideas better than once; yet I imagine it would be no great loss, if most of us were to forget two-thirds of all we ever knew, and find serious difficulty in expressing the remainder. So mote it be!'

'FAUSTA,' who says she has had the 'type-us fever for a year,' sends us '*Night in the City*.' The paroxysms of the malady were very strong, she writes, but she felt much better after the delivery of the lines which ensue; and which, let us assure her, are of no mean order of merit. *Macte virtute!* Mademoiselle 'FAUSTA':

'The solemn pall of the mid-night
Droops slowly, silently down,
And the tireless heart of the city
More quietly throbbeth on.

'Through the cold damp air there cometh
The tramp of benighted feet,
And an unchecked sigh from a heavy heart
Reëchoes adown the street.

'There are many sad hearts and aching
Within this moon-lit town,
Where the heedless heart of the city
Is drowsily beating on.

'There be aching hearts full many
In many a secret room;
There be sleepless eyes who weep, still
weep
Through the silence and the gloom.

'There be those, too, light and joyous,
Not many steps apart;
Ah! me, how little can separate
A blithe from a broken heart!

'There be some who slumber softly
Where the drooping willow waves;
Some hearts that know nor joy nor wo
In their cold, narrow graves.

'*Philadelphia, May, 1856.*

'In the low homes, and the grassy,
They sleep their dreamless sleep;
If the pale lips never smile again,
The eyes no more shall weep.

'There be breaking hearts and glad ones,
There be weary hearts at rest;
There be songs of joy upon the air,
And moans of those distressed.

'But the great heart of the city
Feeleth for none of these,
Throbbing through mid-night's solemn hush
And voiceless mysteries.

'A little while and the turmoil
Will begin afresh again,
And the dreamer be aroused to act,
The mourner soothed from pain.

'But those grassy mounds will cover
Each cold and pulseless form,
While the current of life around them
swells,
The current strong and warm.

'In turmoil and in silence
They sleep there, every one,
While the tireless heart of the city
For ever throbbeth on.

We have spoken heretofore of the two kinds of witnesses that are often encountered in courts of justice — the *Un-willing* Witness, and the *Too-willing* Witness. Here is one who does n't seem to come under *either* category. He is not unwilling, but he doesn't seem to *know* any thing as to the meaning of the questions which are put to him:

The Prosecuting Attorney thus addresses him:

'Mr. PARKS, state, if you please, whether the defendant, to your knowledge, has ever followed any profession.'

'He has been a professor ever since I have known him.'

'Ah? A professor of *what*?'

'A professor of religion.'

'You do n't understand me, Mr. PARKS. What does he *do*?'

'Well, generally what he pleases.'

'Tell the jury, Mr. PARKS, what the defendant follows.'

'Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink.'

'Mr. PARKS, this kind of prevarication will not *do* here. Now, state, Sir, how the defendant supports himself.'

'I saw him last night supporting himself against a lamp-post.'

'May it please your Honor, this witness shows an evident disposition to trifle with this honorable court.'

THE COURT: Mr. PARKS, state, if you know any thing about it, what the defendant's occupation is. The court, let me say, has no idea that you *mean* to be disingenuous.'

'*Occupation*, did you say, Sir?'

'*Occupation*,' answered the Judge.

'Yes,' echoed the counsel. 'What is his *occupation*?''

'If I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town.'

'That's all, Mr. PARKS. I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion.'

'He is.'

'Does his *practice* correspond with his *profession*?''

'I never heard of any correspondence, or letters of any kind.'

'You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?'

'No, *Sir*! I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw.'

'One *more* question, Mr. PARKS: You have known this defendant a long time. What are his habits? Loose or otherwise?'

'The one he has got on *now*, I think, is rather tight under the arms; it is certainly too short-waisted for the fashion.'

'You can take your seat, Mr. PARKS.' 'Not a great deal of information,' as Mr. MEDDLE says, in the play, 'elicited from *that* witness!'

Do you remember, reader, the first pair of *boots* that ever encased your boyish legs? Is there any acquisition of after-life that *quite* comes up to it?

'How many boots,' asked a little boy of his father, (who had a friend with him at the time who had just called upon him) do three 'folks' wear?'

'Why, *six*, my son.'

'Then,' said the little fellow, with conscious pride, 'there are six boots in this room!'

Simple arithmetic, surely; but it was the only way in which he could adroitly call the stranger's attention to the fact — with him a great fact — that for the first time in his life he had on a pair of little boots.

After all, *men* are not of much account without boots. 'Boots are self-reliant — they stand alone. What a wretched creature, slip-shod and discordant, is a human being without boots! In that forlorn condition he can undertake nothing. All enterprise is impossible. He is without motion — a thing fit only to have his toes trodden on. But if the thought flashes through his brain that he must be up and doing, what are the first words that rush to his lips?

'*My Boots!!*'

A WRITER in '*Hall's Journal of Health*,' published monthly in our city, in a paper entitled '*Care of the Feet*,' introduces the subjoined monitory suggestions and 'serio-ludicro' illustration:

'A LONG time ago, 'when you and I were boys,' reader, when dead people were brought in and thrown down upon the floor of the dissecting-room, just as indifferently as a brawny butcher throws down a great big pig to dissect into sausage-meat, ham and spare-rib, and just as nude, except the face, which alone tells in the recent subject, that the man is dead, we used as a pastime, while the lecturer was calling over long Latin and Greek names, as dry as a fence-rail, and as hard, to be cogitating in our own minds, what was the position of that body when in life, what its relative standing in society. Some how or other we fell on the feet, as the most reliable indicator, especially if the appearance of the body as to plumpness indicated sudden death. Now and then, the well-trimmed toe-nail, its freedom from collections under it, and in every other spot from toe-nail to ankle, scrupulously clean; these showed full well, that the poor body so ruthlessly treated now, was tenanted but a few hours before, by a spirit of purity, refinement, and elevation, or had friends around it in the last sad hours of life, who merited such a character; and it was impossible to withhold our sympathy and respect for that lump of lifeless clay. At other times, the feet would be found in such a condition as to excite within us sentiments of the most irrestrainable disgust, and we felt as if the spirit which had so recently left that tenement was as foul and low as bestiality could make it.

'On a beautiful November afternoon, away back yonder in the Forties, we had just stepped ashore on the Levee at New-Orleans after a ten days' journey from Louisville, and hurrying along down the water's edge, a few yards from the shore, in the direction of the Post-Office, thinking of how many letters we would find there from absent friends, and kindred, and patients, we were aroused from our reverie by a tremendous concussion and noise; the first glance was upward at the sky, filled with innumerable objects of every size and description; they had scarcely got high enough to take their turn downward, and the first thought, that miracle of instinct was, could we by any rate of locomotion put ourselves beyond the point at which the falling articles would strike the earth; we looked again, and thought we could; if any individual ever '*heeled it*' in double-quick time, it was the writer of this article; every hair of the head and body seemed to stand on end, a chill thrilled through the whole frame at every successive step, we felt an expectation of an instantaneous crush to the earth! Oh! how long that race for life seemed! for we were not forty yards from the *Louisiana*, at the moment of explosion. Not a single thing touched us, although we heard many pattering around us, apparently as thick as hail-stones. In an instant we stood still, why, we cannot say, it was instinctive, not rational, and as soon as the sound of falling ceased, we turned to the scene of disaster; just as we turned, a poor young fellow passed us, scarcely able to limp along, and the next instant, was a full grown man, flat on his back, without one atom of injury except he had no head; the back-bone just protruded a little above the line of the shoulder. In that instant of time, some eighty-one persons, if we remember well, were hurried into eternity. Some lingered a moment and died, others lay a long time and no aid came to them. The whole surface of the levee was covered with bits of human bones, and joints, and flesh, and hair, and parts of clothing: a piece of boiler weighing perhaps a thousand pounds, struck a bale of cotton, cutting a mule in two, and shivered a cast-iron awning-post, some four hundred feet from the ill-fated steamer. As litter after litter passed by us toward the hospital and town, bearing its blackened, mutilated, groaning, dying occupants, a resolution suddenly formed itself in our mind, as apparently foreign to scenes like these, as it was possible to be — that as long as we lived, we never would, if alone, put our foot on a steamer or rail-car, except in our best clothing, and the whole body in as unexceptionable condition as razor, and soap, and water could make it. Now, why? The argument ran itself out in our mind as follows: 'If in that terrible hour, I had been bereft of all sense, the attention shown me, and the place assigned me in a private house, or public hotel, or large hospital

would have depended, to a considerable extent, on the character of personal belongings."

The moral of all this is: 'If you desire to be killed upon a railroad, or drowned decently, pay due attention to the cleanliness of your feet!' *Apropos* of this theme is a circumstance which we once heard narrated, and which it may not be inapposite to mention in this place. In a metropolitan auction-room, on a certain occasion, a little German Jew, who was slowly and shrewdly making his bid, was addressed by a near-by-stander with: 'There is a very disagreeable odor about here: what *can* it be?' 'Yaäs,' he replied, unhesitatingly, 'dat ish my veet!' 'Your feet! — then why don't you retire from the room, and not mingle with gentlemen? The odor your feet exhale is very offensive.' 'Ah!' responded the little Hebrew, 'you ought to zmall 'em in a zmall room in de zummer-time!' Pride in *such* an accomplishment, as Baron POMPOLINO would say, 'is a virtue somewhat rare!' - - - 'Parson Gray, a pastor-al' will remind the reader of 'Old GRIMES,' that good old man. It is moreover a poem so full of incontrovertible facts, that it could scarcely have failed to please even that eminent *factician*, 'Mr. GRADGRIND' himself:

'A quiet home had Parson GRAY,
Secluded in a vale;
His daughters all were feminine,
And all his sons were male.

'How faithfully did Parson GRAY
The bread of life dispense —
Well 'posted' in theology,
And post and rail his fence.

'Gainst all the vices of the age
He manfully did battle;
His chickens were a biped breed,
And quadruped his cattle.

'No clock more punctually went,
He ne'er delayed a minute —
'Owensville, (Ohio,) June 2d, 1856.

Nor ever empty was his purse,
When it had money in it.

'His piety was ne'er denied;
His truths bit saint and sinner;
At morn he always breakfasted;
He always dined at dinner.

'He ne'er by any luck was grieved,
By any care perplexed —
No filcher he, though when he preached,
He always 'took' a text.

'As faithful characters he drew
As mortal ever saw;
But ah! poor parson! when he died,
His breath he could not draw!

O. S. H.

Is n't that 'Old GRIMESY?' - - - Our sparkling friend and correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' in a gossiping note to the Editor, has the following, which, in justice to Mr. THOMPSON, (who is one among our most rising and talented artists, and who was accidentally omitted from the list of his New-York brethren in our last number,) we take leave to print, without offence, let us hope, to the fair writer:

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK: I am so glad you like my portrait: I am sure THOMPSON will be pleased with your complimentary notice of it, for he laid great stress on your judgment, and was very anxious to secure your approbation. I shan't scold you for the compliment paid to me, for I must confess I don't object to a little flattery when it is so delicately bestowed! I have been exceedingly amused by the different criticisms of my portrait. One young gentleman suggested the other day, that he thought it a good likeness, but that it had rather *too much animation*; I thought that was complimenting the picture at the expense of the original, and

flattering the artist instead of the sitter, by making out that his production was more life-like than the real flesh and blood from which he copied. And so I think that THOMPSON has achieved a triumph, for every one declares the likeness capital, and even aside from that, think the picture valuable for its easy and beautiful coloring. By-the-by don't fail to go up to his studio the very next time you come to town, and see his last picture, 'The Watering-Trough.' I think it a capital thing, and so do all whom I have heard speak of it. I watched the growth of the willow-tree, which hangs over the spring, very anxiously, for it was such a scraggy, crooked old thing, that no body else but THOMPSON would ever have been able to make it look picturesque; but he has brought it in with great effect, and made its very ugliness an attraction; on the same principle that he made my portrait so good-looking. . . . That book which you sent me the other day, '*Legion, or Feigned Excuses*,' is rather a singular production; but I was quite pleased with it, and think it calculated to do much good. I found many of the remarks *strike home*, and I doubt not they will have the same effect upon others. Speaking of the weather being such a frequent excuse with many for not attending church, and that people always say, 'It was too warm or too cold, it rained, or it looked like rain,' he suggests that some body ought to invent a 'Sunday umbrella;' and in the end of the book he gives what he calls his Sunday Umbrella, and states thirty-four good reasons why we ought to go to church, whether rainy, or snowy, or dusty, or hot, and very reasonable they are, too.

'Mr. HUESTON gave me a book the other day that I was very much pleased with, '*January and June*.' It is a little in the style of the '*Reveries of a Bachelor*,' although the matter is quite fresh and original, and its perusal has excited a desire to know the author, which is very rare with me, for experience has taught me that most of them are more agreeable in print than in broad-cloth. But there is a love of Nature and a keen appreciation of all that is true and beautiful, which pervades every page of this book, which convinces me that the author has a highly-cultivated mind, and a heart full of kindness and sympathy for his fellow-men.'

Three tributes well bestowed. - - - We were sitting, late the other afternoon, in a shady angle of the roof of our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' when our letters from town reached us by our faithfulest of express-men, 'JAKE SARVENT.' Chief among them was one bearing the California post-mark. Under the postage-stamp, a head of WASHINGTON, in green ink, and joined to it with great skill, was a *body* of the 'FATHER of his Country,' which was so irresistibly comic, that for half-an-hour before we opened the epistle, we awoke all the surrounding echoes by laughing at it: a short, squab, fat figure, in top-boots, with the straps out, a broad-skirted, old-fashioned coat, pantaloons with the ancient 'fall' in front, over one side of which dangled an unique watch-chain and keys: the left hand thrust almost to the elbow into the capacious trowsers-pocket, and the other resting upon the top of a 'sa-woard' of uncouth shape and dimensions; while the corners of the mouth (the California post-stamp portrait is full-face) were turned up with a laughing smirk, which imparted an expression so utterly ludicrous in a picture of WASHINGTON, that the transformation was complete! The whole thing was explained, however, when we opened the letter. It was from that rare humorous satirist, and distinguished United States' officer, 'JOHN PHENIX,' *alias* 'SQUIBOB,' *alias* 'AMOS BUTTERFIELD,' *alias* 'Lieut. GEO. H.

DERBY,' United States' Topographical Engineer. We cannot resist — that is to say, we *shall* not resist — the inclination to quote a few passages from this characteristic letter; which, by the way, (exactly! — 'by the way,') has just reached us, although it is dated at San-Francisco on the twenty-eighth of last January! Good 'mail-time' that! But 'as per quotations:' (On the whole, *wait* for PHŒNIX until *next* month, and listen to Mr. BUTTERFIELD:)

'I WAS sitting in my counting-room a few days since, in an amiable frame of mind, thinking of that butter which I had sold to a manufacturer to grease the wheels of his manufactory, and wondering whether its strength increased the power of the machinery, when PODGERS, of GAWK AND PODGERS, Battery-street, dropped in. 'BUTTERFIELD,' said he, 'do n't you want to go to a ball?' A vision of Mrs. BUTTERFIELD repletted in her new dress, which, though of late importation, she calls '*more antique*,' passed before my mind. I thought of the balance at DOOLITTLE's, and in my usual prompt and decided manner replied, 'Well, I do n't know.' 'It's a complimentary ball,' said PODGERS, 'given for the benefit of the officers of the Army and Navy, and comes off at Madame PIKE's on Friday.' (The name is PIQUE, and is pronounced *Pi-quee*, but PODGERS do n't understand French.) Now I always liked the officers, poor fellows; they looked so prettily in their brass-mounted clothes, and walk around with such a melancholy air, as though they were wondering how they managed to support existence on their pay and allowances — and how the deuce they do puzzles me. So after a few words more with PODGERS, we started off to purchase the necessary pasteboard. I suppose it was because the ball was a national affair that we went to the United States Mint, for that purpose. Here we were introduced to a singularly handsome young fellow, who gazed rather dubiously on PODGERS and myself when we preferred our request. 'The ball is to be very select,' said he. 'Ah!' replied I, 'that's exactly the reason we wish to patronize it.' The young gentleman could not withstand the smile with which these words were accompanied. 'What name?' said he. 'BUTTERFIELD,' I replied. 'Flour and Pork,' said he, with a kindly expression. 'Corner of Battery and Front,' I answered, and the thing was done. PODGERS got his ticket also, and we left the Mint arm-in-arm, wondering if the lovely design for a head on the new three-dollar piece was intended for a likeness of the U. S. Treasurer, of whose agreeable countenance we caught a glance as we retired. Mrs. BUTTERFIELD was delighted; so was AUSTIN, I fancy; he sent me a note a day or two after, very prettily conceived, with Honiton, Valenciennes, point-eding, and other hard words in it, which must have given him great gratification to compose. I purchased of KERS (not that Kers, but the other firm) a new blue dress-coat with brazen buttons, military, you know; a pair of cinnamon-colored leg-scarbards, and a very tasty thing in the way of a vest, garnet-colored velvet with green plush cross-bars, in which I fancied I should create something of a sensation. I also dropped in at TUCKER's, and seeing a pretty breast-pin in the form of a figure 2, which he said was a tasteful conceit for married men, showing that there were two in the family, I bought that also, and hereby acknowledge that it has given me great satisfaction. Friday evening at last arrived. PODGERS was to come for us in a carriage at eight o'clock, and we commenced dressing at three, immediately after dinner. My friends have sometimes flattered me by remarking something in my air and personal appearance resembling the late eloquent DANIEL WEBSTER, (formerly Secretary of State under TYLER's administration.) After dressing, and going through the operation which Mrs. BUTTERFIELD unpleasantly terms prinking, I walked into the room of our next neighbor, (we board at the corner of Stockton and Powell) under the pretence of borrowing a candle. He was sitting by the fire smoking a segar and reading TENNYSON's poems, which I take this opportunity of declaring are the silliest trash I ever had the misfortune to get hold of.

'Mr. BRUMMELL,' said I complacently, 'do you think I look at all like the great DANIEL?' BRUMMELL gazed on me with evident admiration. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but you are not near as heavy as he was.' 'No,' said I. 'Why, DANIEL WEBSTER was not a *very* large man.' 'Oh!' replied he, 'I thought you alluded to DANIEL LAMBERT.' This was a damper.

'We worked for three mortal hours getting little AMOS to sleep. That child is two years of age, possesses a wakefulness of disposition perfectly astonishing in one so young, and has a pleasing peculiarity of howling terrifically in the night at intervals of about twenty-five minutes. Paregoric and taffy were too much for him this time, however; he succumbed at last, and dropped peacefully to repose at half-past seven, to a second. At eight, PODGERS and the carriage arrived. Mrs. PODGERS came up in Mrs. BUTTERFIELD's room to show herself. She was tastefully and magnificently attired. She wore a white crape illusion with eighteen flounces, over a profusely embroi-

dered tulle skirt, looped up on the one side with a bouquet of Swiss meringues. Her bodice was of sea-green tabinet, with an elegant pin-cushion of orange-colored *moire antique* over the berth. Her head-dress was composed of cut-velvet cabbage-leaves, with turnip *au naturel*, and a small boned-turkey secured by a golden wire, '*à la maître d'hôtel*,' crowned the structure. Pongers gazed upon her with complacent and pardonable pride. We descended to the carriage, but finding it impossible for all of us to ride within, Mrs. Pongers stood up on the seat with the driver, Mrs. B. and I got inside, and Pongers walked. [By the way, on this account, he subsequently, in an unjustifiable manner, objected to paying his proportion of the expenses of transportation, as had been agreed upon between us.] On arriving at Mrs. Pique's, I regret to say, an unpleasant altercation took place between myself and our driver on the subject of the fare. I was finally compelled to close the discussion by disbursing ten dollars, which that disagreeable individual unnecessarily remarked, 'was only about a dollar a hundred after all.' On entering the ball, which was brilliantly illuminated, we were struck with its size and elaborate ornaments, and also with the unpleasant fact that nobody was there. The fact is, we had arrived a little too early. However, we amused ourselves walking about, and Pongers got into the supper-room, where he broke a sugar-chicken off the top of a large cake, to carry home to his little ANNA MARIA, and being detected therein was summarily ejected, and had the chicken taken from him, at which Mrs. B. and I secretly rejoiced. At ten o'clock, the company began to arrive, and in half-an-hour the large hall was crowded with the beauty, fashion, and extravagance of the city. It really brought tears of delight to my eyes to see the number of lovely women that San-Francisco can produce, and to think what immense sums of money their beautiful dresses must cost their husbands and fathers. Sets of quadrilles were formed, then followed the fancy dances, polkas, redowas, and that funny dance where the gentleman grabs the lady about the waist with one hand, and pumps her arm up and down with the other, while hopping violently from side to side, after the manner of that early and estimable Christian — St. VITUS. I cannot pretend to enumerate the ladies whose charms particularly impressed me. Moreover, if I could, it would be of little service to the public, for it is in the fashion to do this sort of thing by initials, and who would recognize lovely Mrs. A., with her ugly daughter, in white cottenet, and magnificent Mrs. B., the cynosure of all eyes in a *peignoir* of three-ply carpeting, with a *corsage de gunny-bag* and a *point applique robe de nuit*, or the sweet Misses C. in elaborate Swiss gingham, with gimp cord and tassels and a *fauteil de cabriolet*. Suffice it to say that the loveliest ladies of San-Francisco were there, and the belle of the evening was unquestionably Miss —, though many preferred the mature charms of the radiant Mrs. —. [You perceive that these blanks are left for the convenience of those who wish to send this description to the Eastern States, who hereby have my express permission to insert any names they may think appropriate.] One lady, I observed, whose dress, though no great judge of dry-goods, I should imagine to have cost in the neighborhood of fifty barrels of mess-pork. Every thing went off admirably. WOBBLER, of WOBBLER and STRYKER, who was present with his daughter, a young lady of nine years, with a violent propensity to long curls, dressed in crimson silk with orange-colored pantalets; WOBBLER, who has a very pretty way of saying poetical things, remarked, with great originality, that 'soft eyes spoke love to eyes that spoke again, and all went merry as the marriage-bell,' and I agreed with him.

The officers were all there, moreover, radiant in brass coats and blue buttons — I mean blue buttons and brass coats — and looking divinely. One of them accidentally trod on my toe, but before I could utter the exclamation of anguish that I was about to give vent to, he said so sweetly, 'Do n't apologize,' that the pain left me in a moment. The officers of the Vincennes, though sufficiently handsome, are not tall men. This, Pongers remarked, was a dispensation of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, as the Vincennes is only four feet six between decks, and they would be constantly bumping their heads if they were taller.

'At two o'clock we sat down to supper. Magnificent indeed — turkeys, chickens, salads, champagne — every body gobbling and guzzling every thing; presenting to my mind a far finer spectacle than the vaunted Falls of Niagara, which I think have been much over-rated.

'Pongers, who is always doing something unpleasant, emptied a plate of oyster-soup on my head, merely saying, 'Beg pardon, BUTTERFIELD,' in consequence of which I found a large stewed oyster in my right whisker on returning to the ball-room, and was made exceedingly uncomfortable during the rest of the morning.

'The ball was delightful. I heard the Consul of New-Zealand say it was *ravissant*, and though with but a dim idea of his meaning, I am sure it was. We returned home at half-past three A.M. The street around our residence was lighted up as if for a celebration; people stood around the door-steps, and an old gentleman with a watchman's rattle in his hand, both slightly sprung, was leaning out of an upper window at No. 3 below. A loud shout hailed us as we approached, but high above that shout, loud above the whirr of the rattle, shrill above the rolling of our carriage, sounded an alarm

that we recognized but too well. It was the voice of our little AMOS. The dear child had woke up the whole street, and it is a marvel that he had not awakened the sleepers in JOHN JONES of PETER's cemetery, 'just beyond.' For — the name of BUTTERFIELD, as you well know, is synonymous with that of Truth— but if that boy had n't shattered every pane of glass in our front-windows, and loosened all the top-bricks of the chimney by the concussion of the air produced by his screaming, I wish I may never sell another lot of Extra Clear Bacon. The paper was loosened from the walls, the plaster falling from the ceiling, the wash-basin and ———, every thing was broken, and there lay AMOS black in the face, gurgling in his throat, and his small blue legs kicking up toward Heaven. We did not get asleep until rather late that morning, and what with damages, repairs, hack, drivers, dresses and tickets, the little balance at DOOLITTLE, WALKER and LEGGETT's is nearly exhausted.

'Perhaps we shall go to another ball at Madame PIQUE's, soon; if so, I will send you an account of it.'

'More anon' from this rare wag. - - - For a very long time has the following 'Sermon' lain in our drawer. It was first published over sixty years ago in the London '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' edited for about an hundred years, by that most excellent person, 'SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent.'

The sermon was an extempore one, and was preached at the request of two scholars, by a lover of 'good ale and old,' out of a pulpit which was formed of a hollow tree. He thus began:

'BELOVED: Let me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.

'And now, my beloved, my text is

M A L T.

'M, my beloved, is MORAL. But let me, in the first place premise:

'I cannot divide my text into sentences, because it *has* none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because it is but a monosyllable. Therefore, as I have said, I must divide it into letters.

M. A. L. T.

'To repeat:

'M. is MORAL:

'A. is ALLEGORICAL:

'L. is LITERAL: and

'T. is THEOLOGICAL.

'The MORAL is set forth to teach Drunkards their duty; wherefore my first shall be exhortation:

'M: my Masters:

'A: All of you:

'L: Leave off:

'T: Tippling.

'The ALLEGORICAL is when one thing is spoken of, and another thing is meant.

'Now the THING SPOKEN OF is simply

M A L T.

'M: My Masters:

'A: All of you:

'L: Listen:

'T: To my Text.

'But the thing MEANT is *Strong Beer*, which you make:

'M: Meat:

'A: Apparel:

'L: Liberty:

'T: Treasure.

'The LITERAL is according to the Letters:

'M: Much:

'A: Ale:

'L: Little:

'T: Thrift.

'The THEOLOGICAL is according to the effects it works: First, in this world; Secondly, in the world to come.

'Its effects in this world are in some:

'M: Murder:

'A: Anguish:

'L: Languishing:

'T: Torment.'

If any of our readers can give us a better Temperance Sermon than that, we should like to see it.

It is truly wonderful, and we cannot help hinking that it is a matter well worthy the attention of musical professors and composers, the popularity of the *Negro Melodies* of our time. You hear them in *all* our streets — you hear them at every party — they are danced after a thousand times a week in every city in the Union; and they are sung by scores upon scores of new-beginners upon the piano-forte. Who has not listened to the really charming melody of '*Gitt Along Home, my Yellow Gals*,' '*Juliana Johnson*,' '*Eberlinah*,' and the like. Here is a new one, by the author of all these, who has been for some time absent in California. He contributes it to the '*GOLDEN ERA*' weekly newspaper. It will attain instant popularity:

'DARK, dark de night, and wus de moon,
No star but one am peeping;
De hoot-owl sings de same ole toon,
As troo de woods I'm creeping.
'Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!' — who car' for dat,
You good-for-nott'n feddered cat?
Dis nigger keep on singing:
He sing, and on de banjo play,
To charm the goblum ghosts away,
While skunk he sweets am flinging.
Troo de woods — push along,
'Nebber fear de boog-a-boo;
Troo de woods — dat's de song,
Gallus son ob Ginger Blue!

'De whip-um-will, squat on the stone,
T'rows music from his fiddle;
De dancing frogs all *swash-a* down
Outside and up de middle.
What dat! what dat, dis nigger's eyes
Displore, wid mighty big surprise,
Upon the gum-tree swinging?
'T am massa possum at he ease,
Rocked in de cradle ob de breeze,
And listening to de singing.

Troo de woods — push along,
 Nebber mind de possum, too;
 Troo de woods — dat's de song,
 Fearless son ob Ginger Blue!

'De moon's gwoine down — pitch dark de night,
 Cold, cold de dew am falling;
 I fear dis darkey see a sight
 Dat sat him wool a-crawling!
 Who dar'! who dar'! — a goblum cuss't?
 'Peak! or dis minstrum's banjo bu'st!
 'Peak, and dyse'f unrabb'l!
 'Peak, goblum, 'peak! — but whe'r'r or no,
 Dis minstrum drap his ole ban-jo,
 And try a *little trabb'l!*
 Troo de woods — cut along —
 Furder back! yon boog a-booo!
 Troo de woods — drap de song,
 Nimble child ob Ginger Blue!

Highly 'colored' poetry that! - - - WHAT a difference there is, even in kingly countries, between the customs, styles of living, etc., in '*The Old Times and the New!*' If Queen VICTORIA gives a 'drawing-room' or a dinner, the London and provincial papers are full to repletion with accounts of the affair; the noble and 'royal' personages who were present; the splendor of the apartments; the richness of the gold and silver service, and the like.

Observe, from the following single historic verse, how all this was — or rather was *not* — in the 'good olden time:'

'THE King and Queen sat down to dine,
 And many more beside:
*And what they did n't eat that night,
 Next morning it was fried!*'

Now here was true economy, even in a monarch's household: and if this course had been pursued up to the present time, does any body suppose that the English *National Debt* would be what it is *now*? — for be it understood, that it costs something to reigning monarchs (and their *families* — pretty numerous, generally) to live, as well as to make war.

By-the-by, speaking of the *National Debt* of Great Britain, the late honored and lamented Statesman, HENRY CLAY, used to tell a capital story of an opponent of his making a stump-speech in the midst of the most unsettled parts of the then farthest Western States. He was a small pettifogger — 'wordy, windy, and wandering,' in all that he said, and with the utmost confusion as to what he was talking; only he knew that he was accusing Mr. CLAY of wanting to introduce the 'cussed *Feudal System*' into this country. Some demagogue had told him that that was the nature of Mr. CLAY's Protective system:

'Look o' here, now, my friends,' said he; 'jest look at it, I want to know if any of you who hear my voice *wants* this Feudal System? What has it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland, and other foreign countries? Look at 'em! Half of 'em are no better than slaves, and some of 'em not half as well off. What has done this? The blasted Feudal System, that they want to fasten on to *this* country, same as they did onto Greece!

'And then just look at the expense. What do you think England owes, this minute, for wars, and high living, under this Feudal System? Why, more than *nine thousand dollars, and the interest runnin' on all the while!* Do *we* want any system like that h'isted onto this country? Do *you* want it, my fellow-citizens?'

Well—they did n't, and so made manifest at the polls. In a sparse settlement, in the wilderness, where, as the orator said, 'the sile am rich, but money are scarce,' when a silver dollar is supposed to be of the size of a cart-wheel, *nine thousand dollars*, as the National Debt of Great Britain, seemed an unaccountable, and a 'most numerous amount' of money.

Mr. CLAY used to tell this story with great good humor and effect; and many a laugh did his friends have over the idea, how glad the English Government would be to strike a bargain with some Yankee financier who would *pay* their National Debt with the terrific *Nine Thousand Dollars!* What a tremendous national burthen! - - - An exquisitely tender and beautiful little poem is the following 'fugitive from *justice*,' which has just appeared. It is from the pen of a very young writer, T. B. ALDRICH, who is destined, or we greatly mistake, to make his mark hereafter:

'Little Charlie.

'O SUNSHINE! making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet,
The shadows of the coming flowers!
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
And roses red and sweet!
How can ye seem so full of joy,
And we so sad at heart, and sore?
Angel of DEATH! again thy wings
Are folded at our door!

'We can but yearn, through length of days,
For something lost we fancied ours:
We'll miss thee, darling, when the Spring
Has touched the world to flowers!
For thou wast like that dainty month,
Which streams the violets at its feet;
Thy life was slips of golden sun,
And silver tear-drops braided sweet.
And thou wast light and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet capricious ways;
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe-red Summer days
Were half as wild as thou!

'O little PRESENCE! — everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee:
A pencil-mark upon the wall
That 'naughty hands' made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house:
*Where he has left them, they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands*

*That will not come again—
Will never come again!*

'Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold: and yet we know
It is *not* CHARLIE there:
It is not CHARLIE, cold and white,
It is the *robe* that in his flight
He gently cast aside.
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lips! — O clouded eyes!
O violet-eyes grown dim!
Ah! well! this little lock of hair
Is all of him!
Is all of him that we can keep,
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and DEATH may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught!

'God, walking over starry spheres,
Doth clasp his tiny hand,
And leads him, through a fall of tears,
Into the Mystic Land!
Angel of DEATH! we question not:
Who asks of HEAVEN, 'Why doth it rain?'
Angel! we bless thee, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of Pain!
No, 'Wherefore?' or 'To what good end?'
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought: We bow our heads:
'He giveth his Beloved sleep!'

It was our genial American humorist, SANDS — was it not? — who gave a description of an enraged husband, who had caught his better-half *in flagrante delicto* with another man. An attempt was made to 'hush the matter up,' by the payment of the sum of two hundred dollars.

'Two hundred dollars!' exclaimed the abused husband: '*two hundred dollars*, for blighted affections, ruined hopes, a dishonored name, disgraced offspring — life itself a burthen! Two hundred dollars for all *this*! I can never consent — *never*, NEVER! I must have more than that. *Make it two hundred and fifty dollars!*' That 'figure' suited, and the injured man's lacerated feelings were healed. - - - THERE seems to be something in the ensuing lines a little selfish. 'True affection,' as we understand it, holds little converse with one's wardrobe. The sentiment of the piece reminds us of a very affecting poem in an English journal or magazine, wherein a 'hard-up' swain, at the urgent request of his inamorata, returns a *gag d'amour*, in the following manner:

'That brooch which in my breast I wore,
(You said you had it from your mother,)
Which, when you gave to me, you swore
For life I'd wear it, and no other.
Canst thou forget the cheerful morn,
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?
I *can't* restore it — it's in pawn —
But — base deceiver! — there's the ticket!'

But we are keeping the reader from the affecting rhymes which it was our purpose to introduce without a word of comment, as they abundantly 'speak for themselves':

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>'WHY still, sweet HELEN, thus severe:
Abate at length those cruel rigors,
Thou knowest how I love thee, dear,
Thou knowest how I love thy 'niggers.'</p> <p>'Oh! lift me from this dark abyss
Of anguish, dear bewitching railer!
I have no other coat but this,
I have no credit with my tailor.</p> <p>'My brains, at times, wild visions seize,
Chill fears around my heart are flocking,
My pants grow white about the knees,
My hat is absolutely shocking.</p> <p>'This feeble frame is wasting fast,
For love is strong and hunger stronger;
The bracelet that I sent thee last
Was bought on tick — they trust no longer.</p> <p>'Why tell me that my words are wild?
Why my mad feelings bid me tutor?
The man that wins thy father's child,
Thou knowest, HELEN, wins the <i>peunter</i>.</p> <p>'Tis vain to talk to Love of rule,
The heart is no such docile scholar:
I love thee, HELEN, like a fool,
For thou hast the almighty dollar.</p> <p>'I love thy pouting, cherry lips,
Dearer than ever bee loved honey;
I love thy rosy finger-tips,
Thy laughing eyes, thy ready money.</p> <p>'I love thy little fairy feet,
So small the merest child could span 'em,</p> | <p>Thy cheeks like peaches fit to eat,
Thy thousand cotton-bales per annum.</p> <p>'I love thy glorious golden curls
That grace thy neck of alabaster;
Thy little 'nigger' boys and girls;
I long to hear them call me master.</p> <p>'Ah! yes, to sum my love for thee
Would baffle all the power of figures;
My heart were flint indeed to see,
Unmoved, that splendid lot of 'niggers.'</p> <p>'I love the air that plays around
Thy brow, thy form, thy habitation;
I worship e'en the very ground
Thy footsteps press — 't is thy plantation.</p> <p>'E'en when in slumber's arms I rest,
My spirit still thine image follows;
I clasp thee to my throbbing breast,
And find thee — joy! — a sack of dollars.</p> <p>'The vision changes: now I kneel
Before thee, and a speech beginning,
I see thee — rapture! — head to heel
Turned to a score of 'niggers' grinning.</p> <p>'Can dreams so blissful, so divine,
Prove cheating fancies of a minute!
Oh! no: that lily hand is mine;
That hand and all the tin that's in it.</p> <p>'Then, then, of what delights untold
Shall we, sweet HELEN, be partakers,
When bound in one bright chain of gold,
We settle on thy father's acres.</p> |
|---|--|

'ALADIE.'

What disinterested affection! - - - 'OLD DOCTOR RUSH,' of Philadelphia, used to relate a singular instance of monomania in a patient in the Pennsylvania Hospital. He took it into his head that he was a painter, and resolutely refused, for a long time, though possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The Doctor one day entered his apartment, and found him sketching on a slip of paper, a really very beautiful rose; for he had by long practice acquired much skill in the art-pictorial, and was very proud of the accomplishment.

One day a thought struck Dr. RUSH that he would surprise him into voice by disparaging his labors, and he resolved to try.

'You are painting a very handsome *cabbage* there, my friend,' he observed to the maniac.

'CABBAGE!!—good *gracious*, old gentleman!—does that look like a cabbage? Why, Sir, you are a fool! That's a *rose*, and it is a *good* one, too!'

It was not long before the patient was well. His train of silent thought was broken, and he returned home.

But a much more amusing story is told of another patient who had been for some months in the same hospital, without any peculiar disease, either of mind or body, discernible in his habits or situation. He was a man of wealth, and went voluntarily to the institution, paying the whole fee of admission required of the competent, and established himself as a regular inmate.

By degrees, however, his particular hallucination began to appear. He fancied himself of the other sex, and that he was in that condition in which 'ladies love to be who love their lords.' No persuasion could induce a contrary belief. He sent for a physician, and commenced a consultation with several elderly ladies, whose professional services he imagined he should soon require. Taking to his bed, he awaited with fear and trembling the 'pains and perils' he anticipated!

Being a thin attenuated man, his delusion was the more ridiculous. He offered ten thousand dollars to the physician for his safe recovery! By favoring his fancy, he was at last convinced that he had passed the ordeal, and was getting well!

The man recovered entirely, and a few years ago was living, and laughed as heartily as any body else over his laughable infatuation—the broadest possible specimen of burlesque, or rather grotesque insanity.

This is wholly authentic. - - - PRENTICE, the witty editor of the *Louisville Journal* had recently in his journal a sharply satirical paragraph upon the new and increasingly extravagant style of *Hooped Petticoats*, so much in vogue among our female 'fellow-citizens' at the present time; but it strikes us that JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, the celebrated colored lecturer, rather beats him on this topic. 'Hear him for his cause,' for a single moment:

'Does not de ladies wear umbrella petticoats? For sartin dey do. What's de consequence? Whalebones up, and I sometimes trimble for de sisters' safety when I see a gust of wind comin, for fear some ob dem will go up like a balloon and come down like a pankake. De ladies' petticoats hab got to sich a spread dat a gemmon can't git widin ten foot ob dem, and it takes a putty nimble feller to make his way trew Broadway ob an afternoon widout skinning his shins on de projectin hoops. He

has to pick his way like a kitten over a slippery fence, or a crab on a grabbed beach. It's all wanty, my frens, but I didnt know how much vanity dar was in a modern petticoat till brodder Ike SOMERDIKE axidently broke sister FLORINDA'S bones lass lectur nite as she tried to squeeze past his long knees to her seat, and it seemed to me dat she collapsed and slunked down like an old dry umbrella wid de sticks broke, and she, dat a minit before, come sailin in as grand as a man ob war, set down as meek as a drenched tom-cat— one puff and de wanty was gone.

'Why do you wear dem? Do you spose dat us he fellows am so green as to belebe dat you am made as much like a wasp as your hooped petticoats would infer? If you do, you may as well rip out de bones at once. Do you spose dat mankind don't noe dat human natur nebber formed a woman wid a head like an apple, a bust like two potecary globes, a waist like de shank ob an urn, and a body like a molasses hogthead? If you ebber find a case where natur cut up sich shines wid de 'human form divine,' jis let me noe it and I'll Barnumize de kentry at once wid her. Some ob you ladies, I understand, am not content wid de simple whalebone, but hab absolutely sowed barrel hoops in your skirts, and some look as if dey had a young hogshead under deir dresses dey stick out so in all directions. In fact, 'Hoopiania' rages so 'larmingly at de present time, dat de omnibus folks am contemplatin a rise in de fare in consequence ob de dubble room dey ockepy and de lumber each lady brings in de omnibus wid her. It was rumored in de Sewing Sirkle lass week, dat young sister JOHNSON had actually bound herself in iron-hoops, and I 'spect to hear soon dat de bucks will hoop de tails ob deir shanghie coats. Dis fashion wood take, bekase it will enable people of slender means to make a greater *spread* dan ebber.'

Wholesome satire this. - - - READER!—*pray* pardon our 'short-comings' for the present month. Was there *ever* such weather? Mr. MERRIAM, the sage of Brooklyn-Heights, in revenge for a playful remark that we made in our last number, has poured upon us a succession of such hot days that even to breathe became a toilsome necessity. To-day, at Cedar-Hill Cottage there is not a leaf or spray that moves or even trembles in the air. The perspiration rolls from our freckled, sun-burnt hand as we write, and drops upon the paper. Do n't care whether the number is a good one or not. Do n't care for *any* thing! DENNIS, bring a pitcher of ice-water. *Ph-e-e-w!!* Wish we could step out of our flesh, sit in our skeleton, and let the wind blow through our ribs! *Gosh!* how *awful* hot it is! The thermometer in our printing-office to-day stood at *one hundred and two!* - - - We should like a 'private view' of '*E. Smith's Steam Wool-Carding Machine, on Four-Mile Creek,*' wherever that may be. Some body has sent us a large hand-bill of the same, which is pellucid and unique. *Voilà:*

THE Subscriber has purchased a Portable Steam Engine, for which he is running the same, and is prepared to dispatch his Patrons at the shortest notice, at the rate of 20 lbs. per hour, for which he is doing the best work in the country. He refers you to those whom he is, and has carded for. Take notice to be careful before you wash your wool, to take all of the cockle burrs, Sticks, Straws, Bark, &c., then wash clean, roll the fleece up, send it to his Steam Carding Machine on Four Mile Creek, one lb. of Greece to seven lbs. of wool, will be all that is necessary.'

What base ingratitude! running a Steam-Engine to dispatch his patrons, at the rate of twenty pounds an hour! What a lingering death for *fat* 'patrons!' Why, Mr. SMITH!! - - - WE have many friends, among authors and publishers, to whom our apologies for neglect or delay are due, but we decline to make them. It is too hot. By-and-by.